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Book: A SOLO IN TOM-TOMS

Gene Fowler's Lusty Autobiography

P. A. C.'s Biggest Gamble

By Donald B. Robinson

Starting—RUNAWAY, an Exciting New [redacted] IMAN

How to complete your Thanksgiving picture

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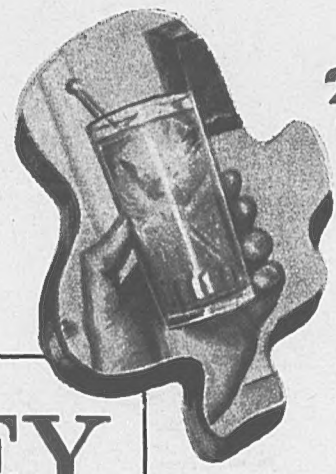

2. For the guest who likes highballs, you just add ice and soda to a couple of ounces of full-bodied Kinsey, and place the amber-colored nectar into the waiting hand.

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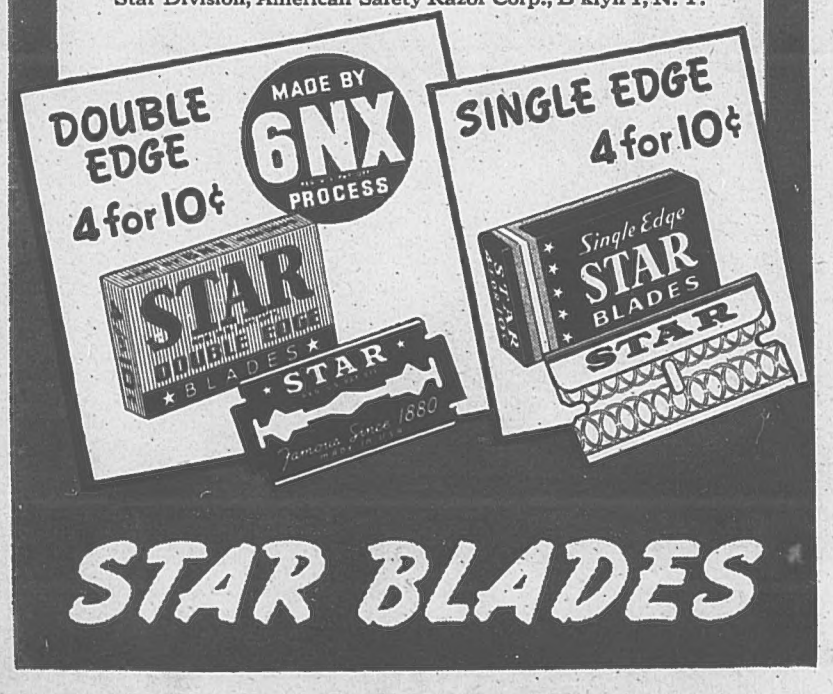

STAR BLADES

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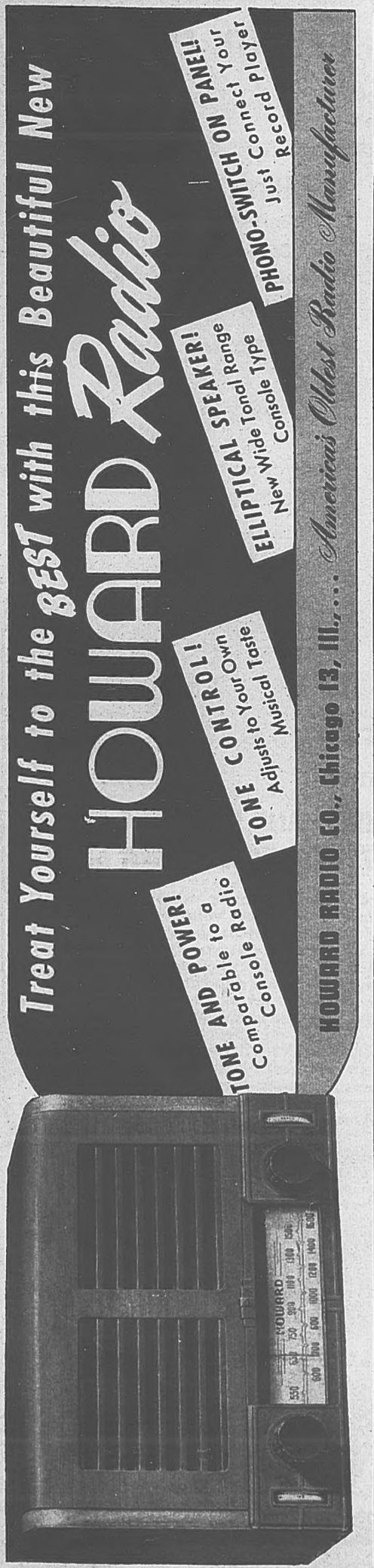
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SOUND ECONOMICS

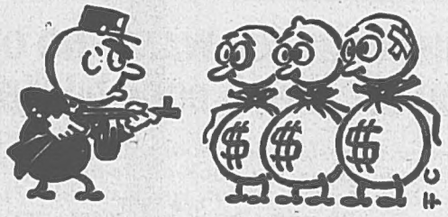
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Permit me to congratulate Paul Hunter on his editorial, Is Boom and Bust Inevitable? (September 14). Besides being meritoriously succinct, it is splendidly written and an authoritative presentation of the economic problem involved.

As an ex-newspaperman and retired lawyer with a flair for this nation's history, it seems certain that the makers of the current brew will have to come to drinking the dregs of it before America can again get back on the path of progress.—*F. B. Mitchell.*

ELIMINATE THE TEN

LA PORTE, IND.—I agree with Richard P. Doherty's Ten Ways to Labor Peace (September 21), but I have an eleventh to offer:

Eliminate the unnecessary middleman and his profits, and also elimi-



nate the excess profits of the manufacturer and the retailer, and you would not need to apply the first ten ways.—*Perle Palmer.*

A TIME FOR HUNTING

TRAIL, OREG.—Mr. William Bonham deplores the sport of hunting (Vox Pop, September 14). We hasten to remark that *hunting* for food is about the only recourse left us in a bureaucratic-controlled economy.—*Mrs. Carma McCarty.*

MACEDONIA, OHIO—Just where can you *buy* squirrel meat and other game? I would venture to say Mr. Bonham has never tasted squirrel. —*F. M.*

OMAHA, NEB.—Give me a gun and the wide-open spaces. Mr. Bonham can sit at home and match wits with the OPA.—*Henry Ramalia.*

SERIAL DOUBLECROSS

CHICAGO, ILL.—You double-crossed me while I was overseas by stopping those swell serial stories you used to publish. The two-parters are O.K., but I go for something longer that you can sink your teeth into.—*Paul Grose.*

Any other readers who yearn for serials?—VOX POP EDITOR.

AID MAKES INTERFERENCE

MINNEWASKA, N. Y.—I have read with much interest the article by Representative Howard W. Smith on Government by Gobbledygook (September 14). He complains about the bureaucrats and reformers in government posts. Does he recall that the business interests who complained most loudly in the past about government interference were the first to run to the RFC for a loan when they got into difficulties? What none of them seems to realize is that when a big corporation seeks government aid, it must expect government interference.—*Lucy P. Eastman.*

Shall government be our servant or master?—VOX POP EDITOR.

PRESS SERVICE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We know there is and can be *no* defense against atomic bombs. Yet we continue to talk of strategic bases, rocket bombs, and radar defenses.

If Russia has the excellent spy system we attribute to her, she is well aware that, day by day, the American people are further from understanding her point of view and more convinced that it will be nec-

essary to fight her. Hence she strains to improve her own military position, and we grow increasingly concerned as we watch. Our press would be performing a great service if, instead of belaboring the Soviets, it used the same space to impress on its readers that this country (and every country) must hand over its precious "sovereign rights" to a greater sovereign world author-

(*Continued on page 8*)

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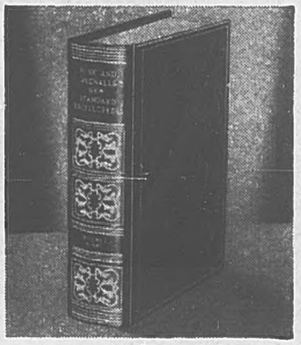

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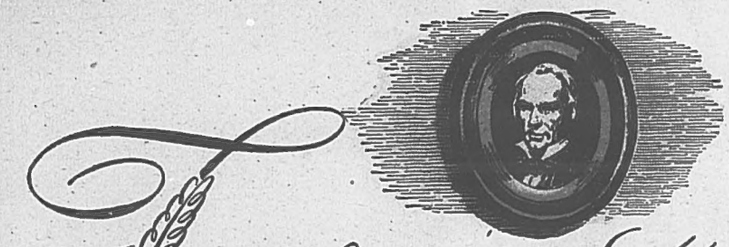

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(*Continued from page 6*)

ity—in order to preserve its even more precious life.—*M. G. C.*

HAUNTING STORY

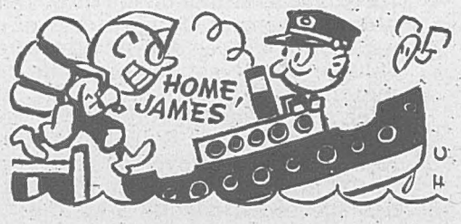
COLUMBUS, OHIO—The other night I decided to catch up on my reading, so I started in with the short story, Naked at Noon, by Tom Powers (August 24).

That story has been haunting me. It held my interest from the beginning. And the ending—that's what's haunting me. What is the ending? The last two pages weren't included in my issue.—*Mary C.*

Boy gets girl. A *complete* August 24 issue is on its way to Mary C. with further details. —VOX POP EDITOR.

HOME FOR ANY REASON

GERMANY—We just got the July 6 issue over here and I fully agree with Patricia Kent (Vox Pop): We



"rude, ruthless, and unruly" troops should be sent home immediately. —*Pfc. Richard J. Green.*

QUOTE, UNQUOTE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The story, Miss Billings Makes a Sale, by Walter Brooks (September 14), was the most difficult thing to read. What happened? One does not usually attempt to read a story without any quotation marks.—*Lila Winokur.*

The many admiring followers of Mr. Brooks' story-telling technique will hasten to disagree.—VOX POP EDITOR.

KANSAS DOCTOR

PITTSBURG, KANS.—Ruth McCoy Harris didn't have to go to South Carolina for a case of a Negro Doctor Down South (August 17). Right here in southeastern Kansas we have a Negro doctor who has as many (or more) white patients as Negro. I have talked to many of them and asked why. They all say the same thing: "He knows what he is doing." —*F. S. Robinson.*

ON LABOR VETERANS

CHICAGO, ILL.—So J. L. thinks the G.I. Bill of Rights should be expanded to include labor veterans (Vox Pop, September 7). I would willingly have given him my mustering-out pay, terminal-leave pay, job priority, and free college education to have stayed home.—*F. Gaides.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HE SAW HISTORY MADE

SINCE he was graduated from New York University in 1933, Donald B. Robinson has looked behind the scenes of some of history's most spectacular events. He was labor editor and political writer for the New York Journal-American when he left in 1940 to head the War Department's labor morale program. After three years of formulating policy and directing everything from rallies to radio skits, he went overseas to act as liaison officer in France, serve on General Eisenhower's staff at SHAEF, and become chief historian for the U. S. Military Government in Germany. Now, a civilian again, he is back on familiar ground with P.A.C.'s BIGGEST GAMBLE (page 13) and a forthcoming book about the Hat Workers' Union.

RUESCH ADOPTS ENGLISH

AT NINETEEN, Hans Ruesch became a doodlebug and spent his next seven years auto racing from Helsinki to Bucharest, from London to South Africa. War clouds over Europe drove him back to his puppy love, writing, and eventually to the United States. He has written professionally in Italian, German, and French, but English, he says, is most exciting. "It's still young, alive, and comparatively unconventional." Until he was thirteen, Mr. Ruesch went to school in Italy and vacationed in Switzerland. Afterward, it was vice versa. That might explain the fact that extremes of hot and cold figure in many of his short stories, like THE BARGAIN (page 14).

NEXT WEEK

WHY has that dream of postwar planning failed to come true? What's holding America back? In BRAINS AND BRAWN NEEDED—APPLY U. S. A., Morris Markey tells why, and what we must do about it. . . . The natives of Jasper Park, Canada, says Elizabeth Wilson, will never forget the movie-making shenanigans when BING KISSED JOAN HERE and it cost $25,000. . . . SMOTHERED WITH LOVE, by Naomi John White, is the entertaining tale of Henry's problem: how his wife loved him too much, while this other woman—you guessed it—understood his inner self. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, BENEFIT PERFORMANCE, by Richard Sale, is a thrilling Hollywood mystery.

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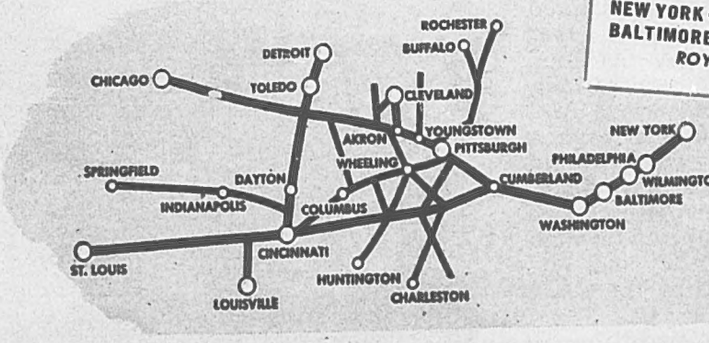


LINKING 13 GREAT STATES WITH THE NATION
B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Which certificated air lines are America's largest? After all the shifts, how do mileages compare? Well, look at the latest figures

DURING the past two years there have been several major shifts in the mileage of U. S. certificated air lines because of the many thousands of miles of foreign routes authorized and because of numerous domestic decisions by the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Pan American Airways has always been, and still is, the largest U. S. air line although its routes are principally outside the United States. But until recent times American Airlines was the second largest. Now Trans-World Airline (the corporate name of which is still Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.), Northwest Airlines, Inc., and Braniff Airways, Inc., are far up in the mileage scale.

A tabulation made by American Aviation Daily of the existing certificated U. S. route mileages, as of August 1, 1946, shows the current line-up:

Air line	Total route mileage
Pan Am. Airways, Inc.	69,502
Trans World Airline (TWA)	28,042
Northwest Airlines, Inc.	18,793
Braniff Airways, Inc.	10,910
Am. Overseas Airlines, Inc.	10,070
United Air Lines, Inc.	9,791
American Airlines, Inc.	9,465
Eastern Air Lines, Inc.	8,978
Chicago & So. Air Lines, Inc.	6,131
Western Air Lines, Inc.	6,065
PCA—Capital Airline	3,622
Continental Air Lines, Inc.	2,911
Delta Air Lines, Inc.	2,886
National Airlines, Inc.	2,857
Colonial Airlines, Inc.	2,703
Mid-Cont. Airlines, Inc.	2,522
Northeast Airlines, Inc.	2,200
Pioneer Air Lines, Inc.	683
Hawaiian Airlines, Ltd.	356

Not included in the above are seven feeder air lines certificated this year and most of which are not yet operating. Nor are any of the foreign subsidiaries and affiliates of Pan American, TWA, Braniff, and United included. American Airlines, Inc., and American Overseas Airlines, Inc., although separate corporations, combine to form the American Airlines System and the two have a total of 19,535 miles, which would put the combination in third place.

During the next few years more realignments can be expected through mergers or through new and important route decisions by the CAB.

A 30-Ton Mariner Amphibian

Although flying boats have all but disappeared from commercial airline services except in Africa and Australasia, it would be a mistake to relegate them to history. They still have a role in naval air operations, and only recently the Glenn L. Martin Company at Baltimore modified a 30-ton PBM Mariner flying boat into an amphibian as a special Navy project.

It might seem simple to add some landing gears to a flying boat so that it could land on airport runways, but actually it was a pretty tough job. Nothing much more than half the size of the Mariner had ever been so equipped to land and take off on both land and water. What's more, the Martin company installed a modern tricycle landing gear (with the single wheel under the forward hull) and that was something new for amphibians.

The Navy had good reason for completing the project. The Mariner had undergone many severe tests during wartime in the Pacific, even taking off in eighteen-foot seas with forty men aboard. But the Navy often encounters unusual weather conditions in such places as the Aleutians and the North Atlantic where in subzero temperatures and frequent fogs, the need for an amphibious aircraft which also had long range became evident.

A landplane may take off on a long patrol in perfect sunshine but return to the base to find it fogged out. Here is where a flying boat is desirable. Then again, if a flying boat is making the patrol, it may encounter on take-off a dangerous amount of ice on the wing and tail surfaces in areas where the air is much colder than the water. That's where the landplane features come in.

With the new XPBM-5A, the Navy has about what it wants for all sorts of conditions. Only trouble was, there had never been a 30-ton amphibian. So now there is one.

On Air Routes Time Is Money

Some of the new transport airplanes are costing as much as $1,500,000 each. That's a lot of money for a single piece of equipment, but one of the major reasons why such a costly article can be used profitably is the speed with which the airplane covers its routes.

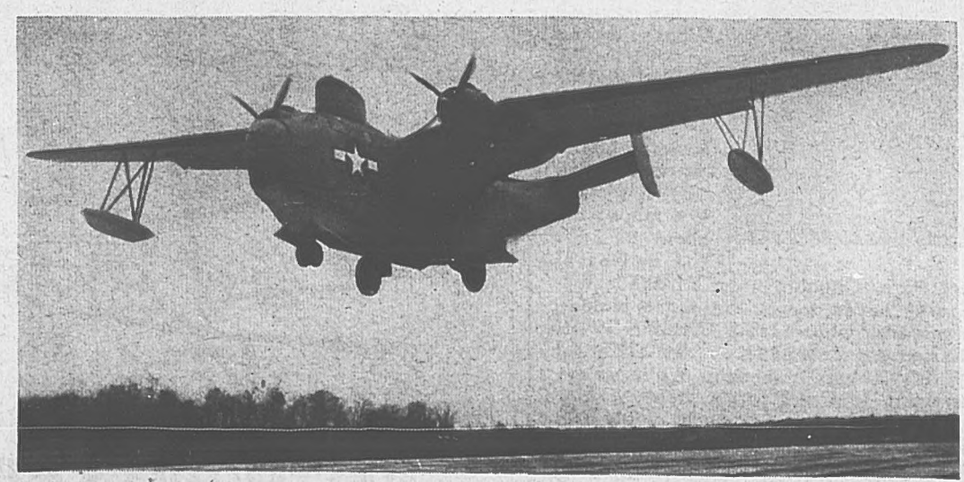
An interesting comparison has been made by the Air Transport Association, based on the Douglas DC-3 twin-engined airplane which is now being supplemented by much larger and faster equipment.

An intercity bus averages 69,000 miles of travel a year, while a railroad coach averages 82,000 miles, and a Pullman car 184,000 miles. The transport airplanes of 1943 (before the bigger planes were put in service) averaged 549,000 miles a year. Thus the airplane is a real workhorse, being able to haul, in the course of a day or a year, many times as many passengers as a surface vehicle of the same capacity.

Broadcasts for Private Flyers

Private flyers in one area in the United States are getting up-to-the-minute weather information by radio twice a day, all because the news announcer is a private flyer himself. The CBS station in Chicago, WBBM, is broadcasting flight data essentials such as wind direction and velocity, ceilings, and the position and movement of weather fronts, at 8.45 A. M. and 5.45 P. M. during the regular news period announced by John Harrington. It seems that Harrington received his pilot's license in January of this year, purchased an Ercoupe which he is flying on weekend trips to Wisconsin lakes, and decided that if he needed weather data there must be many other plane owners who would like a twice-daily service.

It has already proved popular.



Nearly twice any other amphibian's size is Glenn L. Martin Company's XPBM-5A.

Get set for Winter...

with a Texaco *FALL* Check-up!

1. **For quick starts . . .** Change now to New and Improved Havoline Motor Oil. It releases more power in your engine because it *cleans as it lubricates.*
2. **For riding comfort...** Avoid squeaks, hard-riding. Protect chassis and body wear-and-tear points with long-lasting *Marfak* Lubrication. Lasts for at least 1,000 miles. Applied by chart, never by chance.
3. **For easy gear-shifting . . .** Protect costly gears from wearing, grinding friction. Change now to *winter grade* Texaco Transmission and Differential Lubricants.
4. **For safety, peace-of-mind . . .** Don't delay! Get Anti-Freeze protection at once. Have battery and spark plugs checked. See your Texaco Dealer today for *all* the winter services your car needs.

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SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

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HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre presents the new Eddie Bracken show every Sunday night. See newspapers for time and station.

"FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS"—
Why is it that people who live in glass houses almost always serve PM?
Why? Because the Pleasure's Mutual!
For Polished Mellowness, for Perfect Mixing, Ah! . . . set that setup down!

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York.
Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 71% Grain Neutral Spirits.

P.A.C.'s Biggest Gamble

By
DONALD B. ROBINSON

ACME PHOTO

Behind these doors of P.A.C.'s New York office, mimeograph machines hum with the exhortation: "Register to vote!" It is presumed you will vote for P.A.C.'s men.

THE C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee goes to bat for the second time in a national election on November 5, and the results will tell whether P.A.C. stays in the political big time or fades out of the picture as has every other labor-liberal vote-gathering movement of the past.

And though P.A.C. has many a Democrat on its purge list, it is actually working again, as in 1944, as an adjunct of the Democratic Party.

Working on the theory that most Americans tend to vote "liberal" —which to P.A.C. means vote Democratic—the Political Action Committee is staking its all on a strategy of getting millions of normally apathetic citizens to the polls on the 5th. And it figures the Democrats will get a majority of their votes.

It is no wonder, then, that to professional politicians like Robert E. Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, P.A.C.'s greatest contribution lies in its scientific tactics for getting out the vote. It's a strategy based on old-fashioned bell ringing that P.A.C. figures will bring to the polls millions of voters who otherwise would have stayed at home.

For weeks, now, P.A.C.'s bell ringers have been at work. Take blonde Mary Dokes, a twenty-two-year-old Cincinnati radio-plant worker. She was given a list of names by her C.I.O. union several weeks ago. The list included fellow workers, Civil Service employees, housewives, etc. In her spare time Mary has been pushing doorbells. She has urged everyone she has talked to to do only one thing—register for the November elections. She said nothing about voting for C.I.O.-sponsored candidates, or about the Roosevelt tradition, the New Deal, nor did she try to get in any licks at the reactionaries.

All she told them was "You can't vote unless you register."

And she's done a good job. Already hundreds of persons have registered as a result of her little campaign. Now, if you multiply the Mary Dokeses by the tens of thousands, you get some idea of what the C.I.O.-P.A.C. field army is doing for the Democratic Party.

Attacked by many as a subversive, Communistic organization, intent solely upon sovietizing the United States, and hailed by others as a national liberator, P.A.C. is running in high gear today in seventeen key states. They are Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, California, and Washington, all heavily unionized industrial states.

(*Continued on page 71*)

With a new election at hand and '48 around the corner, the Political Action Committee is staking its all on a disarmingly different kind of campaign strategy

The Bargain

BY HANS RUESCH

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A story different from any you have ever read — of an Eskimo family's brief encounter with the white man's foolishness

ALTHOUGH during the long polar night there always was a lot to do—for Ernenek repairing his weapons; for Asiak mending the sealskin boots with caribou sinew, scraping and chewing the hides into softness, and feeding little Papik—yet there were times when the siren call of adventure made the couple restless. Two winters ago their thoughts could have only wandered to the coming spring, when day, rising at length from below the horizon, would mark the start of the hunting and fishing season. But some fifteen months ago, as the slow dusk of fall was staining the Glacial Ocean a graying mauve, Ittimangnerk, the trader, had planted the seed of curiosity in their hearts.

Ittimangnerk's arrival had been announced by the uproar of eighteen Huskies, the home team and the guest team, not to mention the yapping puppies. Then through the long, winding tunnel he crawled into the igloo, beat the snowdust from his caribou suit and lay down on the snow couch.

Ernenek, his powerful bare chest gleaming with grease, welcomed Ittimangnerk uproariously, shaking his hand and poking him in the stomach to see how he was faring. Asiak, who was softening boots with a scraper made of bone, using her teeth on the tougher spots, interrupted her work to make tea. She broke off a chunk from the block of drinking snow and put it over the lamp to melt.

It was apparent right away that Ittimangnerk's manners were outlandish. He neither invited his hosts to pillage his cases, nor did he forthwith attack their larder, as custom demanded. He was shockingly jealous of his possessions; but he was always disposed to swap, a process unknown to that small number of Eskimos who, like Asiak and Ernenek, lived way beyond Coronation Bay near the Magnetic Pole, and led the life of their ancestors before history.

Ernenek heaved blocks of ice into a wall, working rapidly but taking care not to break into a sweat.

Nor did Ittimangnerk laugh and eat for a fortnight before coming to the point of his visit. He had at least four more prospective customers to look up before nightfall, which gave him only two months' time, and so had no leisure for social amenities. After only a few hours of sipping the cool tea, sucking at some of his own frozen fish and rotted liver, and telling coarse stories to gross laughter, he displayed his wares: black tea leaves contained in the dried bladder of a reindeer cow and a roll of wick made of tundra cotton.

"Have you got any fox skins?" he asked.

"Behind the lamp," Ernenek said. "Take as many as you want."

Ittimangnerk examined the skins. "I can only use those seven. I'll give you two packs of tea and three arm lengths of wick for them. If you'd only keep those skins neat, I could give you more tea and more wick."

This drew gales of laughter from Ernenek. As soon as he was able to speak, he said, "But we don't *want* more tea or wick!" And he laughed again till his little black eyes were only two slits shimmering with tears in his fat face.

But Ittimangnerk didn't laugh. "I am going to show you something you will want." He crawled out through the tunnel, and returned with an oblong package. He took off the wrappings of skins and out came a gun. It was a Martini military rifle of venerable age, but it could have been the latest Garand as far as Ernenek was concerned. He had never heard of a firearm.

"If you bring enough good skins you can have this," Ittimangnerk said.

"Do you eat it or drink it?" asked Asiak.

"This is the white man's weapon. Even a child can kill a big bear with it, and you don't have first to feed him blubber balls with whalebone blades inside and chase him for days till he's sick enough to be forked with your harpoon. You just pull this lever and the bear lays himself flat on his back without arguing."

At this, Ittimangnerk, whose knowledge of firearms was but slightly deeper than Ernenek's, pressed a little too heavily on the trigger and a shot went off, darkening the tiny room with the smoke of gunpowder and shaking the air with its reverberations. For a moment they looked at one another thunderstruck. Then Ittimangnerk, suddenly caught by noise-madness, fired again and again; the igloo grew darker and darker and the bullets whizzed around the circular walls chipping the ice, until the magazine was empty. When the smoke had cleared somewhat through the opening in the roof, Ernenek, bewildered, let his pants down and showed a small hole in his hip where a ricocheting bullet had lodged.

NOW it was Ittimangnerk who had a fit of merriment. He flung himself back on the couch, holding his sides. Ernenek grinned halfheartedly. But Asiak couldn't see the joke and placed a kick in Ittimangnerk's ribs that made him double up and change his laughter into a cough. This done, with her little finger she probed in the wound. Then she extracted the bullet with the point of her bone knife and stopped the hole, which had begun bleeding more freely, with fish-liver oil that the cold had hardened to a paste.

Ernenek's big Asiatic face showed no emotion throughout the operation. When it was over he grinned, and Ittimangnerk returned the grin sheepishly, with glances at Asiak.

"I only wanted to demonstrate how it works," Ittimangnerk said apologetically. "How could I know that the bullet would jump back? It shows you how powerful it is. It slays any animal from a distance, if you don't hit a wall first."

Respectfully Ernenek reached out for the rifle, and Asiak hastened to throw her arms around Papik.

"Don't fear," Ittimangnerk said. "There are no more bullets inside and I can't get any till I go back to the white man's trading post." He turned to Ernenek, who was awesomely turning the rifle in his hands. "If you bring one hundred whole fox skins to the trading post and mention my name, you'll get such a rifle."

"I can also bring musk-ox skins and caribou hides."

"The white man wants fox skins. His likings are queer, but he knows

(*Continued on page 49*)

Awesome Orson

BY TED SHANE

Orson Welles makes no bones about his preoccupation with Orson Welles, and there's no denying he's got something there

AFTER a closing performance of Around the World—written, produced, staged, designed, performed, and flopped in by Orson Welles—I went backstage expecting to find Welles alone and deep in despair. Instead, I found him slightly preoccupied.

A mob milled around his dressing room. He was kissing ladies, watching others being ejected by his fifty-four-inch valet, signing autographs, and greeting Okito the magician and a swami who wanted Welles to send a message to 400,000,000 people in India. He also answered a wall phone ten times and listened to a tot in a permanent who rendered a splendid lampoon of him.

He had no time to mourn for his $286,000 musical turkey, because at that very moment he was (*a*) getting ready to ship the show to England, where he hoped to pay off his losses; (*b*) planning his weekly stint on the Orson Welles Mercury Theater of the Air, starring himself; (*c*) writing a Sunday news commentary over ABC, in which he settled the affairs of the world; (*d*) preparing the screen play for If I Die, a Columbia Pictures opus, starring Orson Welles; (*e*) editing King Lear, which he will produce for $20,000 this fall for a limited engagement; (*f*) thinking of doing Hamlet; and (*g*) trying to figure out a way of ridding Spain of Franco, so he can film Carmen there while he is making two movies for Alexander Korda this winter in England.

That's George Orson Welles, the man who is constitutionally unable to do less than a dozen things at one time, and who, at thirty-one, has done more than a dozen men could do in two lifetimes. He has founded a theater, sold 90,000 copies of a personally edited Shakespeare, taken Hollywood for the whoppingest contract ever handed a twenty-four-year-old, scared his country out of its wits with a bogus Martian broadcast, and been married twice, the last time to Rita Hayworth.

"Oh Lord," he is said to have prayed at twenty-two, "please don't let me do all the things I want to do in my life by the time I'm twenty-six!" There are those who think if he'd concentrate on a *half* dozen things, he'd do better.

It seems, however, that he has a single master plan. For years he has used his radio and movie earnings to finance his Mercury Theater efforts. Carefully he has husbanded the scenery of every Mercury production, looking forward to a Mercury Repertory Theater, a sort of world Theater Guild. He hopes to make this culture factory financially foolproof—or, as he sums up: "Everything I do for stage, radio, or movies is done to make money and keep my name on the public's mind so that it will listen to what I say politically!"

As this is written, the 1,000-faced Young Crusader has the press agents of two movie companies, two radio chains, and two continents working to keep that name eternally neonized. Only one, the ballyhooer for the Mercury Theater, is paid personally by the *modest* Welles.

Orson has taken steps to publicize himself almost from May 6, 1915, the day he put in his first appearance at Kenosha, Wisconsin. His first words, uttered at two in pure Oxonian English, are supposed to have been "I am a genius!"

His mother was a brilliant concert pianist, and his father, Richard Head Welles, a playboy inventor-manufacturer. His parents separated when he was six, and his mother died soon afterward. At ten Orson took a fling in the public-school system of Madison, Wisconsin. Next year Dr. Maurice Bernstein, a bone specialist of Chicago, who later became Orson's guardian, talked Welles, Sr., into entering the young I.Q. buster at Todd School in Woodstock, Illinois, which specialized in dramatics. Looking on Todd as an experimental theater and its 100 boys as a stage mob, he ran hog-wild with Shakespearean, Elizabethan, and other revivals, as well as magic shows. In 1931 he turned Todd back to its rightful owners. His father had died, and Orson, after receiving no answers to an ad in Billboard announcing he was ready to take Broadway leads, talked Dr. Bernstein into letting him go to Ireland on a sketching tour.

He turned up in Dublin one night at the Abbey Theater and introduced himself as a vacationing Theater Guild star, willing to grace the local boards temporarily. As a dossier, he listed his astounding acting career at Todd, transferring credit to the Guild. He wound up playing the Duke in Jew Süss, Lon Chaney style—and in taking over Ireland. He stayed with the Gate Players for a season.

Invading England long enough to be restrained by the Labor Minister from doing for Britain what he'd done for Ireland, he returned home to a (*Continued on page 60*)

People who want homes are finding that co-operative building can put them up quicker, cheaper, and better

Getting Together Gets Houses

BY DARRELL HUFF

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of several articles which will appear from time to time to show how Americans, through their own initiative and ingenuity, are getting homes built in spite of present difficulties.]

THE 1946 American Dream—five rooms and bath—is having hard sledding, as several million ill-housed people can testify. But what one family cannot build, four or a dozen or a hundred can. On this theory, and with good evidence to back it up, a growing number of homeseekers are forming co-operative groups.

This is not the result of any organized effort anywhere. The groups are forming spontaneously, almost accidentally, in all parts of the nation.

In New Brunswick, New Jersey, last winter a real-estate man found himself unable to locate housing for either his son or his son-in-law, both overseas veterans. He found this humiliating, both personally and professionally. The only answer he could see was a new building development. He took an option on fifty-four acres in near-by open country.

The son and son-in-law began to talk up the idea among fellow veterans. Interest grew rapidly among families tired of doubling up, living in shacks, moving from hotel room to hotel room, or enduring a post-war separation somehow less tolerable than the necessary separations of wartime.

On February 6, 1946, 150 veterans and their families came to a well-publicized meeting and talked. That's all they did, because that is how these things begin. Some of the talking was done by experts on construction and finance. An instructor from near-by Rutgers University, David McCalmont, Jr., told about co-operatives and recommended that the group organize as one.

That took a lot more talking over, but eventually the advantages became clear, and Veterans Building Co-operative, Inc., was formed with an authorized capital of 15,000 shares of $10 par value stock. Each interested veteran put up $15 for one and one half shares right away. Nine directors were elected.

With that out of the way, the members began to talk houses. They set as their goal 200 five-room houses, 24 by 34 feet, brick veneer. They estimated that each house would cost $7,000. That seemed like plenty, but to play safe they allowed

an additional $500 per house. Then they multiplied $7,500 by 200 houses and went to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to talk about a loan. The RFC told them that their project seemed carefully planned and well grounded and that they could probably get their $1,500,000.

Dealing in this kind of money was quite an experience to the directors, who are just ordinary young people who happen to need places to live.

But they went right on. They hired a builder to make more precise cost estimates. Each member brought his stockholding up to fifty-two $10 shares. With $35,000 of this working capital, they bought their tract of land. They erected a small office building on the land and hired an administrative staff. They appointed one of their most active members, Jack Gushin, as administrative manager. They began to buy equipment and supplies—a bulldozer, sewer pipe, lumber, cement, windows.

All this was done in four months. On the morning of June 5 it looked like a lot of progress. Then the builder submitted his cost figures, and all the plans came tumbling down.

The house they had in mind, an ordinary, conventional little five-room plan, would cost not $7,000 but at least $8,500.

This would put it out of reasonable reach of a veteran on a $50-a-week salary. It meant the project would have to be limited to those earning at least $65 or $70 a week.

The members shook their collective heads over the situation and attacked it precisely as individual home builders are doing by the thousands. They trimmed down their plans.

They knocked off dormers, eliminated basements, sidewalks, garages, insulation, and everything else they could think of. They cut down the house until it was no longer a truly livable structure, and the cost was still too high. Furthermore, there was no guaranty that costs would not increase while building was actually going on.

There seemed no way to get around it: simple arithmetic showed that the average veteran could not afford to build a house to live in.

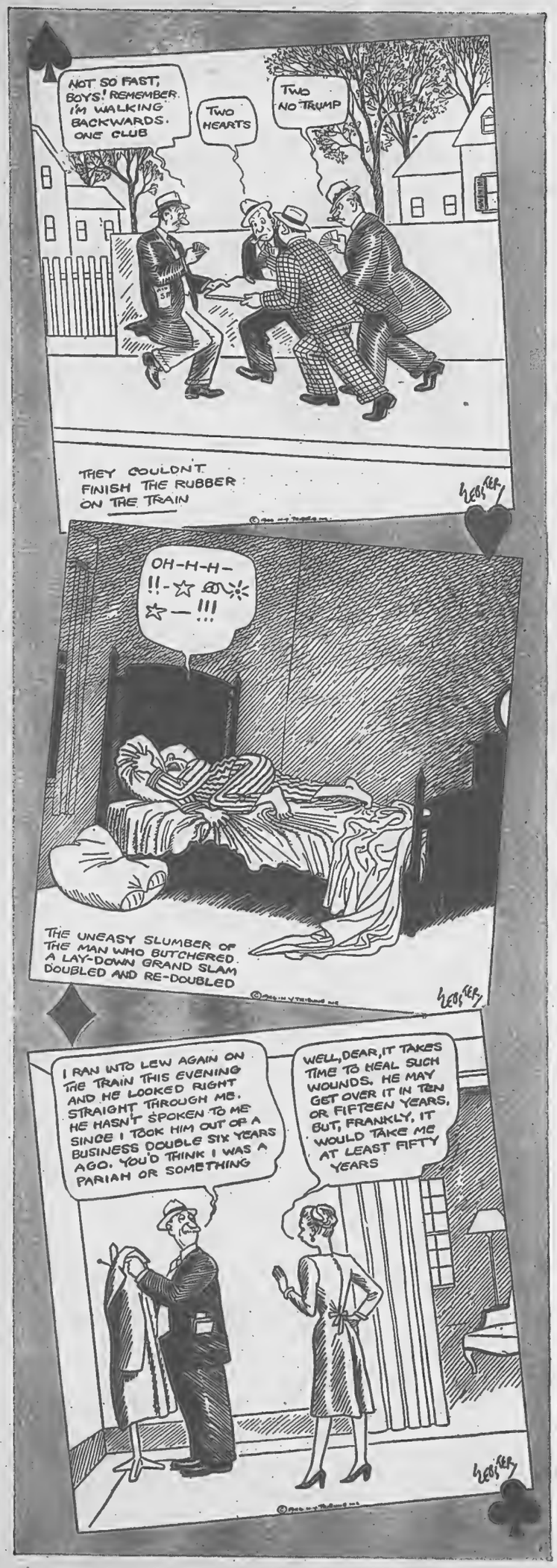
The directors shouted for help. They got it from David Kadane of the National Housing Agency in Washington. Kadane spent two days working with them and then turned them over to a large concrete construction company, McCloskey & Company, Philadelphia.

On June 26 the 200 veterans and their wives met to hear the bad news. They found it was not so bad, after all.

By utilizing mass building techniques with concrete, made possible by the size of their project, they could have more house for their money than they had hoped for even in the beginning. They could have precast concrete houses of modern appearance and superb construction at about their original $7,000 figure.

It would be a six-room house in-

(*Continued on page 64*)


NOT SO FAST, BOYS! REMEMBER I'M WALKING BACKWARDS. ONE CLUB
TWO HEARTS
TWO NO TRUMP
THEY COULDN'T FINISH THE RUBBER ON THE TRAIN
OH-H-H-
!!-☆ ☆—!!!
THE UNEASY SLUMBER OF THE MAN WHO BUTCHERED A LAY-DOWN GRAND SLAM DOUBLED AND RE-DOUBLED
I RAN INTO LEW AGAIN ON THE TRAIN THIS EVENING AND HE LOOKED RIGHT STRAIGHT THROUGH ME. HE HASN'T SPOKEN TO ME SINCE I TOOK HIM OUT OF A BUSINESS DOUBLE SIX YEARS AGO. YOU'D THINK I WAS A PARIAH OR SOMETHING
WELL, DEAR, IT TAKES TIME TO HEAL SUCH WOUNDS. HE MAY GET OVER IT IN TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS. BUT, FRANKLY, IT WOULD TAKE ME AT LEAST FIFTY YEARS

Bridge Is for Dummies

OBSERVE what happens to any four people the instant they sit down to play bridge. Until then they may be the most delightful company, the women witty and seductive, the men genial. But put their feet under the bridge table and instantly jaws tighten; eyes grow glassy; breathing becomes a kind of rale, broken now and then to make way for agonized monosyllables; hands jerk and return like those of automata.

Any reasonably competent undertaker, observing these people, would automatically reach for the embalming fluid. And despite their intense devotion, only a minute fraction of bridge fans play the game well. That statement comes from no less an authority than Mr. Ely Culbertson.

Now, if people who play a game merit this characterization from the most widely influential teacher that game has ever known, then there is something wrong—with the game.

The truth is that contract bridge—if played according to the Laws and the Prophets—is beyond the ordinary man or woman. It requires more preparation than most people have the time or patience to make, more application than they can humanly be expected to give, more specialized (and useless) mental endowments than they possess.

The laws of contract bridge alone occupy thirty-five pages of small print. But the laws are only the beginning. There are also the principles of the game to be mastered. Expounding these principles takes Mr. Culbertson some 570 pages. That is more print than is required for the average college textbook on a major science.

But proficiency at contract calls for more than mere knowledge of the sacred writings. You also need an assortment of highly specialized abilities useful for little or nothing else.

One of these is the capacity for remembering every card that has been played. The really impressive bridge player can cite not merely the hand just played, but the exact distribution and play of a hand dealt fifteen years ago on a commuters' train between Darien, Connecticut, and Grand Central Station, New York.

This is not a normal human gift. And acquiring it does not in the least improve the possessor's everyday memory. The best bridge autopsist I know has so sleazy a memory for ordinary facts that he cannot recall his own telephone number.

The average man very sensibly declines to put into what should be a recreation the effort required for competency in today's contract game. So he remains a dub—and suffers.

If he is lucky, he suffers no more than boredom, heightened occasionally, as he grows older, by poignant regret that of the few thousand evenings remaining in his life, any one should be so futilely spent. If he is so unfortunate as to catch a real Hellcat for a partner, he becomes the burnt offering on the altar: an utter fool, a fumbling moron for all the world to see.

My hat is off to those who play bridge—if play they must—with irreverence. Specifically it is off to the women (God bless 'em), who play gabble-gabble bridge.

There are men, too, who tower above the game of bridge. One such I saw many years ago, when I took part in one of the strangest bridge games ever played.

Mastering contract bridge requires more time, patience, and understanding than the average human possesses, and then what have you get?

BY ROBERT KEITH LEAVITT

It was a summer Sunday afternoon in the town of Cohasset, Massachusetts, where I was a fortuitous guest at a porch-and-garden party given by Clarence W. Barron. This great man, since gathered to his ancestors, was proprietor of the Wall Street Journal. He liked to have people around—which explains how I, a young man of no importance, came to be standing on the periphery of a crowd of notables.

At the heart of this cluster buzzed our host, a tubby white bumblebee of a man. He had been showing the multitude around his place. Now he was in the mood for more concentrated communion. Turning to his principal guest among the tycoons, William C. Durant—fresh from his spectacular exploits with General Motors—Barron said, "Mr. Durant, I'd like to play a rubber of bridge with you. Pick yourself a partner."

Durant looked around and tapped an affable guest from among the Beacon Hill boys.

Barron's black eyes searched, and finally came to rest —upon me! "Young man," he said, "you're my partner."

Now, Barron had never seen me before. But I didn't question his choice, partly because I was too bashful and partly because I had, then, a high opinion of my game.

It soon appeared that it did not matter in the least whether I—or anyone else at that incredible table—could play bridge or not. For Barron was going to play every hand, no matter who held what cards or bid what bids.

If I passed, he forced. If our opponents bid, Barron was off in a zooming rush that left him, as often as not, to play a grand-slam contract, doubled and redoubled, in a suit of which Mr. Durant's side held every honor. His bids were not mere declarations; they were rhetorical questions, threats, lectures, and sometimes orations. In a breath he would deride the probability of Mr. Durant's holding an ace, speculate upon the whereabouts of a queen, quote Mr. Charles M. Schwab on international business ethics, heave in a little gratuitous advice about health and diet, and conclude, "So that, Mr. Durant, is why I am going to bid five hearts."

In play, Barron would comment on each card that fell or was about to fall, like a football-game broadcaster: "He hesitates! Mr. Durant is nonplused! He may well be!" Or he would delay the play of a card from his own hand to command, like a magician drawing a rabbit from a hat, all and sundry to observe and marvel.

It is a pity that I remember only the high lights of tactics and maneuver. At the time I had not the wit to appreciate these fine shades of play. Youth is the staffy, priggish, conforming age, and I was appalled at what I considered Mr. Barron's sacrilege. Besides, though he and I won the rubber game, I lost $18.64, which in those days would have bought a bottle of bootleg Scotch or ten dinners at the old Waldorf.

Only now in my dotage do I see Mr. Barron for what he really was—a great man with a soul bigger than the game of bridge. My belief is that What This Country Needs is more men like him—men who have the courage not to play bridge seriously. Or, perhaps, not to play bridge—period.

THE END

ONLY WHEN HE REVOKES
FOR A FEW SECONDS I WAS A RICH MAN — WEALTH BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE — AUTOMOBILES, DIAMONDS, PEARLS — PERHAPS A YACHT AND A RACING STABLE. I DOUBLED HIM AND HE RE-DOUBLED. THEN YOU HAD TO STICK IN THAT SEVEN HEART BID AND THE BUBBLE BURST
AND THE GREAT, BIG PAPA BEAR SAID: "YOU TOOK ME OUT OF A BUSINESS DOUBLE!" AND THE MAMA BEAR SAID —
THE BEDTIME STORY
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H. T. Webster is famed as a cartoonist of bridge players. These are some of his best—from the New York Herald Tribune.

The Colossal Potato

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

When Cahir produced the biggest spud ever seen in Ireland, not even he could have foretold the consequences

BY T. F. HEALY

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

THE neighbors still talk of the time when our village made the headlines in the papers in an experience that sent them far afield to become international figures, as they thought.

It all really started during the second World War, when because of its unique position the country was completely cut off from vital imports by both belligerents, and the government exhorted everyone to grow more crops. That was a grim time the outside world knew little about. Our sage, Malachi Michael O'Hanrahan, covered the barony, going around and making speeches.

"Grow!" he said. "Grow two blades where one grew before. Till the soil, make a miracle of the earth, bring bread from the very rock. If there's a surplus, so much the better to feed the starving."

His talks inspired Cahir Considine, in whose mind was born a great idea. With the peace he started to work on it in secret.

It wasn't easy, though, to keep a secret long in our village. One night a wag pushed a loose knothole through the door of the barn. He peeked through and viewed Cahir surrounded by piles of potatoes, scrutinizing them one by one, until Fiona-Fionula, his mule, saw the fellow, gave out a loud warning hee-haw and the intruder had to run.

But the news spread, and the police next made a call on Cahir on suspicion he was making potheen or illegal potato whisky, a drink so strong that a drop of it would make a rabbit spit at a bulldog.

"If 'tisn't potheen, what is it, with all these spuds here?"

"I'll have you all to know," Cahir said, "I'm going to grow the perfect potato, and a composite too, for I spent every penny I had to get the best specimens from foreign lands as well as our own. 'Tis a patriotic potato, for the country, and I had a dream of it for three nights."

This brought the first laugh. "'Twill be the mongrel specimen surely for a patriotic potato. Aren't our own good enough for you?"

Cahir disdained reply. But the jokes began, and he was the butt of them all. Malachi Michael heard about it.

"Easy now," he said. "Our ridicule may be a spoon to sup bitter brew if his experiment turns out all right. Poets may dream of roses, but scorn not the man who clothes a lowly potato with a dream, for he is an artist too in his way, and to him Mother Nature also whispers. Mongrel, is it? A wedding of the cultures may be as good in vegetables as in other things."

That stopped the joking. Cahir picked the best spot of land for richest loam, using the best manure and potash and spraying it daily, and up before the lark's song to look at it.

Came the day when Cahir was to take the potato from the soil. A great crowd was on hand. Carefully and tenderly he pulled it up as a great gasp of astonishment broke forth, for, lo and behold, there before them all was the most wonderful potato they ever saw! There was a breathless silence until some found voice.

"'Tis the strange potato it is entirely." . . . "There never was a potato the like of that potato in the world before." . . . "It looks perfect, but is it edible, and who'd be eating it now?" . . .

"'Tis cultured it is," said Cahir simply. He seemed himself as surprised as anyone else, for the potato was over a foot long and proportionately deep and wide, and it had only one eye, deep set, which seemed to stare right back at him.

"'Tis the wondrous growth surely," said Malachi Michael.

"'Tis as it is," said Cahir, like one uttering some fiat of creation. "'Tis as I meant it to be."

THERE was a snigger of doubt from the crowd. "Maybe the little people had something to do with it," observed some one.

"The little people had nothing to do with it. 'Twas myself did it all, myself only."

"Let you not disparage the little people," warned Malachi Michael, "nor be a vain man on it and crow the cock. A man does nothing by himself, and we are not alone. Did you classify it? We've a name for everything here, and nothing is nameless amongst us. You could call it *Cyclops Gargantua*."

The news leaked to the capital, and a paper there ran a page one head:

"Perfect" Potato
Grown in Country

following with an account about a "new phenomenon of nature, which, if not proved a freak, will set agricultural circles agog. . . ." Its news value spread. A London paper picked it up, and papers on the Continent carried it. The dean of horticulture from the university came to look at the potato. The Minister of Agriculture wrote that he was sending a representative to see if it could be displayed as an example in the capital, offering Cahir a goodly sum of money for parting with his prize. Some said it would end with Cahir getting a good job in the Bureau. Reporters next began to trickle in, and in their wake the tourists, and late into the night the tavern resounded with alleged Irish songs. There was little sleep.

ALL was as nothing compared with what happened next, when, of all places, straight from Hollywood itself came a long cablegram, signed by one of the big magnates himself:

"Just heard of your super-sensational Irish murphy, tuber I mean. Is it mammoth as report has it here, five feet long, so super-colossal, the biggest and best ever? . . . In brief, is it such a super-duper? . . . Plan a trip via plane to Europe soon, but may hurry it up now to spot your product and land at Shannon Field. . . . Confidentially, I offer you job as chief gardener and horticulturist extraordinary on my estate in California, as suiting man of your prodigious talents. Name your own salary. Chances here to out-bank Burbank himself. Also help me grow the biggest and best orange in America and put Florida in its place for keeps. Cable me dope collect. GALE MAXWIND."

Having read the cable nine times over, Cahir called for Malachi Michael. Our patriarch scratched his head. "It must be the strange place entirely out there," he commented. "'Duper, dope,' what sort of language is that, and has it any roots at all? Mere bigness anyway is a vulgar notion."

Cahir, however, now rose to his greatest moment. He built a special stand before his house and put his potato on it for all by-passers to behold and contemplate. "The world is waiting for my potato," he said.

The news spread like a bonfire. Nobody wanted to do any work. Every colleen primped, dreaming of becoming another Maureen O'Hara

A great gasp of astonishment broke forth, for, lo and behold, there before them all was the most wonderful potato they ever saw.

or Geraldine Fitzgerald; and every gossoon thought himself a potential Errol Flynn or Tyrone Power. All kept looking at the sky, watching every plane for the big magnate. Some of the oldsters appealed to Malachi Michael to bring the barony back to normal.

"If this is what Hollywood does to people, 'tis beyond me," he said. "'Tis a pox, worse than any spell of the little people. Something out of the ordinary must happen to pull us out of it, and something will happen, I'm thinking."

"What?" they asked. "What can happen?"

Malachi Michael smiled. "Well," he said, "for one thing, something maybe we don't expect, for, praise be, this is a land where the inevitable never happens. And for another—"

Before he could finish, Cahir came running up the main street like a man possessed, shouting aloud that his potato had vanished. He wanted to form searching parties to scour the countryside. From afar they heard Fiona-Fionula heehawing strangely as if in sympathy with her master.

"The potato has the aura of mystery on it, but maybe 'tis no mystery at all," said Malachi Michael. "Bring me to your mule. That's a strange heehaw she has."

Malachi Michael opened her mouth. "There's potato skin on her teeth," he said. "She ate your *Cyclops gargantua.*"

"You mean my potato is in her belly?" asked Cahir, aghast. "Sure Fiona-Fionula never ate a potato in her life. Mules don't—"

"The unexpected thing it was she did," said Malachi Michael, "nor blame her for it. Yours was a different potato. She probably eyed it for a long time and the more she eyed it the more her curiosity got the better of her."

"May it give her the colic," said Cahir.

"She'll get over it. The good is more than the bad in it anyway, and we can go back to our quiet and wonted ways now again. The little people too may have had a hand in it, and whispered in her ear to eat your patriotic potato."

"Maybe," said Cahir. "The little peo—" But Fiona-Fionula cut him short by showing her telltale teeth in what seemed to be a great grin and letting out a bray fit to wake the dead, so loud that its like was never heard before nor since in all the countryside.

THE END

PHOTOS BY U.S. NAVY AND HOMER JENSEN

Above: Rosie in action during the war as a submarine detector. Right: Rosie undressed, exposing her all-lucite body.

Rosie Knows

Rosie, who weighs 300 pounds, is probably worth her weight in uranium. She's a war-born magnetometer with an unerring nose for oil

BY THOMAS NEWMAN

THANKS to the black magic of oil and an uncanny magnetometer named Rosie, Point Barrow, Alaska, hopes some day to become another Oklahoma City.

It wasn't until the war had greatly depleted America's oil reserves that Congress appropriated $2,120,000 for drilling Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4, the 35,000 square-mile Alaskan tract. To locate oil-bearing structures all over the area would have proved too expensive. What the Seabees on that job needed was the equivalent of a well-wizard's divining rod. And that's what they got, in Rosie.

At the time Rosie was busy making trouble outside Jacksonville, Florida.

Rosie was sensitive. She had to be, to do her job—detecting the presence of submarines from an airplane. But the prime requisite of a magnetic detector is that it, itself, be non-magnetic—"clean," in scientific slang. Rosie wasn't. The electronic experts were reduced to working in their non-magnetic skins. But Rosie was still disturbed. Somewhere in the 300-pound magnetometer's complicated array of generators, resistors, vacuum tubes, its heart of lucite (to which the code name "Rosie" was given), its stream-lined plastic shell, was a trace of iron or steel.

The source of disturbance was located—and in time to put a final submarine seal on the Strait of Gibraltar. The filler in the glue of the plastic shell had been ground in a mill using iron balls as a pulverizer. Some iron dust from these balls was registering. That's how sensitive Rosie is.

Meanwhile James R. Balsley of the U. S. Geological Survey had the impossible job of locating certain iron resources buried beneath 300 feet of glacial debris in Iron River, Michigan. Behind very closed doors in Washington, he learned of Rosie. So Rosie went to Michigan with a young naval physicist named Jensen, who invented a gyrostabilized camera that could photograph every inch of ground on one roll of film, and synchronized it with Rosie's charts registering magnetic signals.

At Iron River, Rosie completed in two months a job that would have taken twenty years with any known geological instruments. Flown across land or water, the magnetometer records the magnetic field below. It appears as a wavy line on a moving strip of paper. An increase in magnetism would draw a sudden hill. The hill would mean a submarine, a deposit of iron, or an arch in the earth's "basement" rock, which is magnetic. Oil pools are found beneath such arches—and so Rosie's hills could also mean a possible oil formation.

Jensen and Balsley knew about the difficulty of tapping the petroleum reserves in Alaska. They petitioned the Navy Department in Rosie's behalf. Rosie was installed in a PBY, given a crew of eight men in charge of Lieutenant Commander Frank Vessell (boyish-looking hero of Midway), and four more scientists.

Their first Alaskan flight was typical. After an exhausting day, they found their airstrip had vanished in a pea-souper worse than London's best. They tried to come in on the radio beam: as they descended, their landing gear and struts froze solid, and ice snapped off their radio antennae. They had to sit that one out on a patch of open water.

Thanks to the midnight sun, they could fly day and night in the rare spells of good weather. But Northern Lights grounded them as irrevocably as ice or fog; those beautiful gleaming curtains were accompanied by magnetic storms, and Rosie couldn't work.

But doggedly the crew piloted Rosie's unerring nose over 20,000 square miles and charted basement depth and contour for every inch of the way. Now the Seabees could go home and the commercial oil workers would arrive, huge oil pumps would be shipped piecemeal by transport plane.

And eventually, if the geologists' expectations are realized, you may be buying Alaskan oil from American gas stations.

Rosie has a long job ahead of her. Many forest and desert regions in North America have never been tested for oil and iron. Then there's the famous Continental Shelf: this area of shallow water circles the whole continent and is supposed to conceal rich petroleum deposits, in spots. Just which spots? Leave it to Rosie.

THE END

Are Doctors STUPID about Cancer?

A victim of the disease draws on her own tragic experience to tell why she thinks cancer cases are mishandled and what can be done

EMIL HERMAN PHOTO

In a cancer case, one person should be told the truth, and that is the victim.

BY TERRY DEANE MANNING

SIX months ago I survived an operation for malignant glandular tumor—that's one of the fancy names for cancer—and since I may have many more equally expensive and even more painful operations ahead of me, the story of my experience may help awaken others to the serious aspects of the cancer situation.

For in the light of what happened in my case, there is no knowing how many others in small communities have had or are having similar difficulties in getting expert medical advice and care in fighting for their lives.

To begin with, it seems to me that the publicity campaigns aimed at educating the public about cancer are misdirected. They should be aimed at the entire medical profession, the majority of whose members either do not have the time or else lack the inclination to equip themselves properly for the serious job of cancer recognition, cancer surgery, and postoperative therapy.

When I first took my tiny lump to a doctor (one of the foremost gynecologists in America), I was told that it was merely an unimportant case of chronic mastitis—not worth worrying about. Six years later, during a chest examination for a heavy cold, another doctor saw the lump. I was ordered posthaste to the hospital and with dire results.

When I returned to consciousness after the operation, the surgeon assured me the lump was benign and not malignant. Later he met one of the men from my husband's office. Naturally the man inquired about John's wife, and the doctor told him the truth. By the next day every woman in our town knew that I was doomed, except the one person most vitally interested in my future—me. Six weeks later I learned I had cancer from a catty neighbor at a club luncheon.

Recently a famous roentgenologist examined me and took X-rays that proved rather alarming. He was particularly disgusted because there were no pre-operative plates for comparison with the ones he had had taken. The upstate hospital where I had undergone the operation had taken no X-rays before the operation, nor afterward, for that matter.

When the specialist started X-ray treatments he explained that the area to be treated must be uncovered, since the slightest trace of any metallic substance in a fabric deflects the X-ray beams.

When I told him that the twelve postoperative treatments I had taken had been given me through rayon garments—at least ten thicknesses of rayon, which is a known metallic clement—he replied, "That is why you are here today, taking, at long last, the proper type of X-ray treatment."

Meanwhile, in that small hospital where I wasted so much time and money, an elderly X-ray technician continues to use a faulty technique.

I would like to bring six definite points to the attention of the American Medical Association, in the hope that improved methods in cancer surgery and cancer therapy will result.

First: The cost of cancer surgery is prohibitive, and the cost of postoperative therapy is even superprohibitive. To date my tiny lump has cost $1,278 and the end is not yet!

Second: Every doctor must be educated on cancer recognition. Or at least steps should be taken to get every doctor to refer the patient to a specialist if he feels himself unable to handle the case competently.

Third: One person should be told the truth in a cancer case, and that is the *victim.*

Fourth: Not only is postoperative therapy prohibitive in cost, but it is entirely wasted if full knowledge of how to give the treatments is not possessed by every doctor and every X-ray technician.

Fifth: Preoperative tests are insufficient and ill timed. If given a month or so before the operation, much distress during and after the operation might be avoided.

Sixth: All doctors, internes, and nurses should be trained in the necessary postoperative technique and all other techniques that make for the comfort and quicker recovery of the patient.

I feel that the ultimate solution to the cancer problem is up to the members of the American Medical Association, or to a specially planned department of the American Cancer Commission, aided by the A.M.A.

At present there are two known cures for cancer—surgery and X-ray. The important point in both these cures is the promptness with which they are applied. And as long as there is one doctor in the world unable to recognize cancer at its earliest appearance, the whole value of the two known cures may be wasted.

That's why it is high time we all ganged up on cancer.

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

TWO MUSIC LOVERS—A baby song sparrow gives New York Philharmonic conductor Artur Rodzinski the pitch. The bird spent two weeks at the maestro's summer cottage healing an injured wing.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

FAIR GAME—All gambling stops when Adele Mara appears. She is one of the featured players in I've Always Loved You, a recent Republic picture.

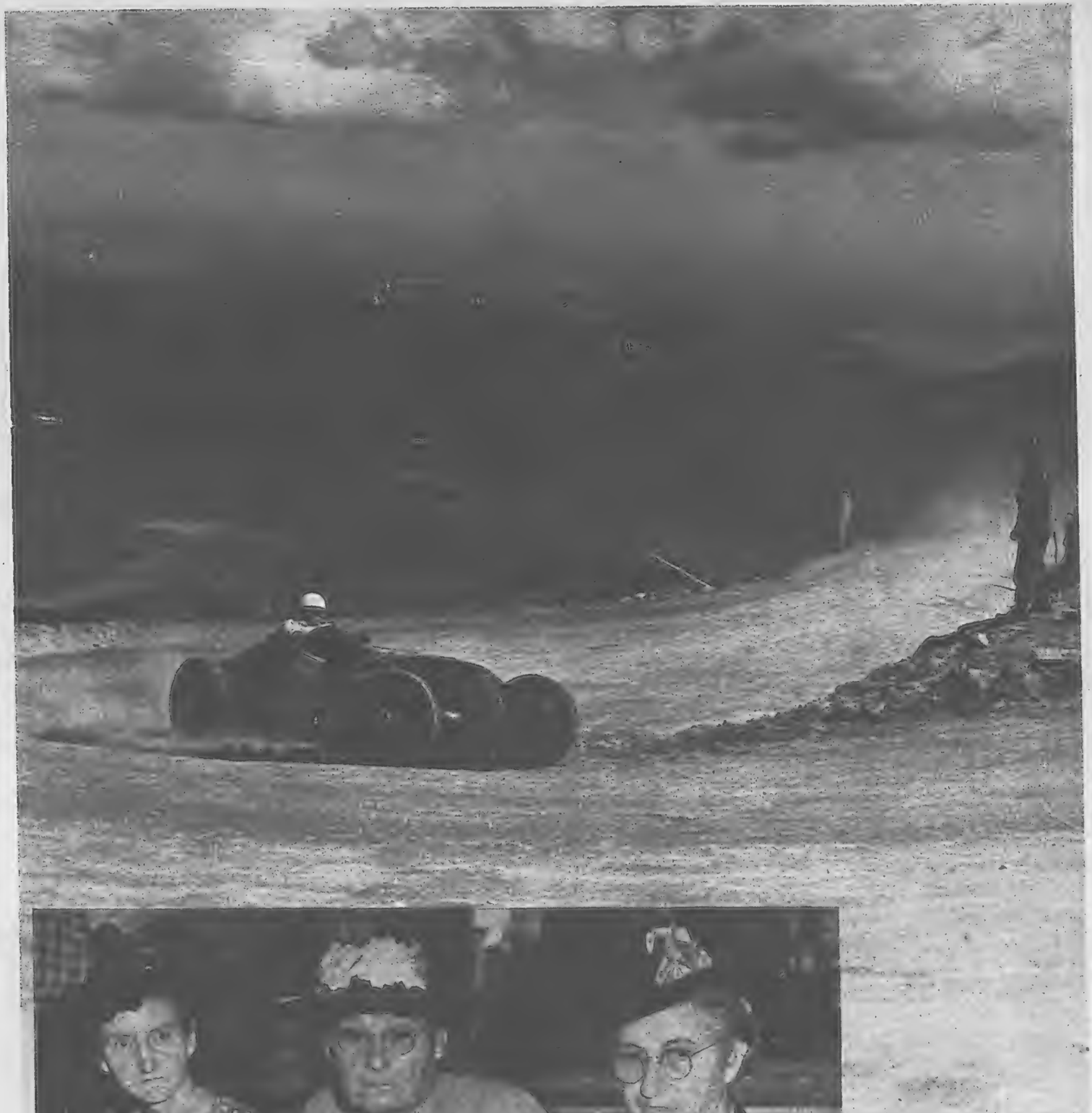
ACME

EFFIGIES—German boys carry caricatures of Nazi leaders in Soviet-sponsored Socialist Unity Party parade at Potsdam. Onlookers cheered, but the party barely won elections.

ACME

SHADES OF COLUMBUS!—Our modern Coast Guard goes a bit medieval with a square-rigged bark. Once the German trainer, Horst Wessel, it has been rechristened the Eagle.

ACME



SKID TURN—Louis Unser puts his racer through a 180° turn on Pikes Peak hill climb. Perhaps some reader can tell us why the lone soldier is on guard.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

BINGO—NOT FOR THEM—Three ladies take it hard at a Missouri county fair.

ACME

IDENTIFICATION OF FOREIG

Thirteen-year-old Jock is missing. Ben and Vera, baffled and frantic, suddenly find a clue in their tortured memories

BY RITA WEIMAN

Runaway

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

THE Missing Persons Alarms! Listen to this brief program. By doing so, you may help restore to their loved ones some missing persons—a daughter, perhaps—a brother or a husband. And now to Police Headquarters! The next voice you hear will be that of—"

The friendly voice of the announcer on Station WNYC, New York's Municipal Broadcasting System, gave way to another as impersonal as if it had been embodied in the radio: "John Brook Gregory, called Jock, of 195 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York City. Age, thirteen. Height, five feet two inches. Weight, one hundred and one pounds. Hair curly, light brown. Eyes, blue. Skin fair, freckled. Small scar from cut on forehead above right eye. Mole on neck under chin. . . ."

In the home from which Jock had vanished ten days before, Vera Gregory leaned nearer the radio, dusky hair framing her small face, hands locked, asking herself if she would have recognized her stepson from the police description. "No," she answered aloud, "that's not Jock—not the boy I've lived with three years, pale and tight-lipped, with storm in his eyes." His expression when he looked at her, his quick turn and exit from a room almost the instant she entered, these were the pictures that stayed with her after Jock disappeared.

Ben had supplied headquarters with details and his son's photograph. It had been tinted by Jock's mother shortly before she died, showing an ethereal little fellow, all pinks and blues as to skin and eyes, with a shock of golden-brown hair.

"Missing since Thursday, May 30," came crisply from the radio. "Last seen wearing tan shorts, tan sweater, white open-neck shirt, no hat—"

Vera's fingers closed on the knob.

"Last minute his pa give him the tickets and say he should take somebody else. Jock never went to the circus. He tore up the tickets."

The click as the voice was sucked into silence sounded like the tick of a bomb. To thousands of listeners the account of John Brook Gregory's disappearance was merely the start of a Missing Persons program. To Vera, it was the end of the world. Any minute this strange, weird universe of uncertainty might collapse, dragging her with it. That would be the minute when Ben's key would turn in the lock, when he would tell her Jock wasn't missing any more—Jock was found—Jock was dead.

Only a little over a week ago she and Ben were driving home through the purpling June twilight, at peace with the world. Their Memorial Day vacation had been, you might say, a belated honeymoon. Meeting and courting in the inferno of welders' flames in a munitions plant, marrying and going back to their jobs, they had no time for love until the war was over. She was twenty-seven when they married and Ben the first man in her life. There had been insistent responsibilities: an invalid father, a brother who, until the army made a man of him, looked to Vera for support.

Driving along, she and Ben had talked of all their love must bring before they were too old. His eyes left the road long enough to smile down, "You'll always be young; always my girl." It was dusk, when faces blurred, but Ben's profile was sharp, like a face cut from the side of a rock: the jut of brow, fine strong nose, set of his jaw. Yet when he smiled, it was the twinkling grin of a boy. Vera thought of how those few days isolated among the Connecticut hills had bound them closer than three years of marriage.

AS Ben helped her out of the car at their door, he whispered, "Nice, knowing you better, Mrs. Gregory. Let's do it again."

They expected to find Jock at home, but on his door was thumbtacked a note saying that he'd gone to Bear Mountain with some other kids. They thought nothing of it. Even when the colored maid arrived Monday morning with the news that Jock had left Thursday afternoon, telling her not to bother coming in before Monday—even then it didn't occur to either of them to worry. Jock frequently went on hiking trips.

"Probably got in late last night and bunked with one of his buddies," Ben surmised.

Before going to his office, he telephoned the public school Jock attended. The answer came that John Gregory was absent. Ben dashed over to investigate. It was only after he talked to Jock's teacher and classmates, and no one could give any information, that he began frantic attempts to find his son.

They questioned the elevator man, the doorman. The latter furnished a description of the way Jock was dressed: "Sure, I seen him go. I says to the kid, 'Better wear your raincoat, son. Looks like a storm.' And he laughs, 'Take me for a sissy?' "

VERA tried not to see the growing panic in Ben's face or mark it in the harsh tone of his voice. "He'll be along, darling," she said. "Perhaps he telephoned and we didn't get the message. Or he may be just thoughtless, like most boys his age. It might not occur to him you'd worry."

Whistling in the dark, not daring to let Ben know how frightened she was! Monday . . . Tuesday . . . Wednesday morning. No rest for either of them. Ben's eyes tormented, bloodshot for lack of sleep, hanging onto the straw of that old lie: "Ben darling, nothing can have happened, or we'd hear. Bad news travels fast."

But ten days were gone and still no news. Day and night she covered miles on the green carpet, alone, while Ben searched for his son.

The colored maid, Sally, who moved about the place like a brooding shadow since Jock disappeared, came in carrying a tray of food. Her dark skin was moist with perspiration and her eyes with tears. "Mis' Gregory, don't walk up an' down all

(*Continued on page 66*)

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES COLE

"A day with you is quite something, isn't it, Betty Lou?" Curt said. So would a lifetime be, I wanted to reply.

There are many ways a woman can win a man, but this way has been effective ever since Eve

Design for LOVE

BY NEILL C. WILSON

I ASK you. And when I finish telling this, I'll still ask you. It boils me whenever I think of it, which is practically all the time.

I'm Betty Lou Angel. I'm a Stanford junior. I have a brain that would easily rate B if I put my mind to it. I've a face that makes professors lift insulting Es to good solid Cs and thank me for mentioning it. I've a body that's straight A in any rag I put on, and A plus when I kick it off, and that's official—see my gym measurements. My tennis and water polo are All-Coast. Ask U.S.C. Ask Cal.

When Curtis Seager and I became such good friends on the golf course, I invited him to our home in Palo Alto for Sunday dinner. Curt is captain of the Stanford golf team, and a big man on the campus, and he flew ninety missions in the war, and is he good-looking! His folks own a terribly full bank back east somewhere. It's in Nebraska, I think.

We Angels live a mile and a half from the campus. That is, Mom and Pop do. Janey and I room in the dorms. Janey always comes scurrying home, though, when I bring a man to sink his teeth into Mother's cooking. But she's not competition, understand. She comes home because company means roast beef. She's only a fluffy little sophomore, the kind that attracts yell leaders. I can putt farther than she can drive.

I could see Mom was impressed with Curt. She quick changed the dishes to the Crown Derby set, which was her way of saying, "Get him, daughter." Pop was impressed too; he kept looking at Curt's wide shoulders. One topic led to another. And there we were, talking up our summer camping trip. To Sun-dance Lake; that's where us Angels—I mean we Angels—always go.

It was me—well, then, I—who suggested Curt's coming along. I realized, in my instinctive and unerring way, that it would be a wonderful chance to show him a real Western outdoor girl in action, in case he still thought those Nebraska chicks had charms.

Janey chimed right in, helpfully. Which made me ask myself, "What ho! What is she after? My artichoke sweater or my crystal beads?" Janey said there was nothing like the high mountains to stuff one full of the great big *joie de vivre*. When Curtis blinked at that one, she explained, "You know. Spizerinktum. The old whee." Actually, Janey is the one member of our family who loathes camping. She's said a hundred times that it means nothing to her except pitch in her hair, scratches on her legs, and bugs in her tea.

Pop, whose eye hadn't left ranging Curt's six-foot-two frame (did I mention that Curt has a frame?)—Pop cried, "Splendid! Curtis and I will build the new stone dock!" Blessed Mom urged, "Yes! Yes! We must have Curtis at the lake!"

Janey murmured, "I can hardly wait for June to be here. It will be such fun to spend four whole weeks with the Kloster boys again." That made me doubly sure she wanted something out of me. Janey dislikes the Kloster boys worse than bugs or pitch. They live next door. They always go to the lake with us and they put frogs in our beds.

It's rather rugged, getting to Sundance Lake. Everything has to be packed in on mules. But to hear us Angels chorus, you'd think it never rains in the High Sierra and never a granite peak has been rounded down to a dome from mosquitoes sharpening their bills on it; that the aspens wave hot cakes instead of leaves.

Anyway, Curt said he'd be delighted to go. He even pressed my hand under the table. I think he pressed Janey's too, for politeness, because she suddenly bobbled her peas.

Afterward she told me, "I praised the trip for your sake, Betty Lou. Now, how's about handing over that fifteen-dollar perfume Aunt Etta sent you last Christmas? You never use it." Janey also said dreamily, "Curt's exactly like the Discobolus in the art gallery, isn't he?"

I said, "Janey!" Art's art, but last spring Janey wasn't even a sophomore yet. "Compare Curt," I requested, "with a bust, if you wish. But not, at your age, with a whole raw Greek."

ANYWAY, June arrived, and there we were, hiding the cars in the trees where the trail for Sun-dance Lake takes off and making a one-night camp while the Kloster boys went down to Yosemite for the mules and horses. Curt, to kill time, fooled with Janey. He kept lifting her up into the forks of trees and leaving her there to squeal. Kid stuff, to entertain young sister. Janey stopped squealing for a minute and gazed off over the blue gorge of the Tuolumne, which stretched away below us, and pointed with her lacquered nail—yes, in the mountains, lacquered!—and said from her perch, "Look, you two. That view!"

Curt eyed it. "Hell of a hole, isn't it? Is that what we have to ride down into when the horses come?"

Janey kept pointing. It was my best vermilion lacquer. "Oh, for the courage of a wild sheep, the hardiness of a goat, the strength of an eagle, the nimbleness of a deer!"

That's when I got my inspiration. Haven't I said my brain is all right? My inspiration was to leave the horses to the others, and just me and Curt—well, I and Curt—strike afoot straight across country, down into the chasm and up, and meet the gang at the lake. I'd show him who had the courage of a mountain sheep, the hardiness of a goat. I sprang the scheme. You know, kind of casually. As if it was quite the everyday stuff for a Western girl.

Curt gave the panorama a double take. "It would be a bit like driving into the rough, wouldn't it?"

Janey piped, "Oh, why don't you do it? The hike would be nothing for two such athletes!" Again I wondered what she wanted out of me. My fur coat, probably.

Pop heard the talk. "Those are twenty-five real miles."

Janey laughed. "Why, Pop, Curt often tramps all day long, carrying his own heavy clubs. And Betty Lou is simply tireless."

"Twenty-five miles? Is that all? What are we waiting for?" exclaimed Curt, who, after all, is a hundred and ninety pounds of health and vitamins.

Pop said, "If you intend tackling it, you'd better get an early start."

I WAS up before daybreak. I got the coffee going and woke Curt. He wasn't very happy when I shook him. His air mattress had gone flat in the night, and he'd just gotten to sleep. Also, there was frost, because we were at eight thousand feet. But there's nothing like a cup of camp coffee to make the frost roll away and the birdies sing. I stuffed him full of bacon and eggs too. By the time the sun came up, Curt was more than smiling. He was almost yodeling. Janey looked at us from her bag sleepily. "Oh, for the ruggedness of a goat, the strength of an eagle!" she sighed, and snuggled down deep. She opened one eye again and murmured to Curt, "Don't wear my dear, dear sister right off at the stumps, will you?"

"I should say not!" cried Curt. "I'll be considerate of her. Which made me snicker. But I decided it was high time he found out who he was offering to protect. Whom, I mean.

We caught up our rucksacks and plunged down off the ridge through fir and hemlock. Sun-dance Lake is three hogbacks northward from that auto road. The hole dividing us from the first hogback opposite was thirty-five hundred feet deep.

Curt's long legs took him over the springy needles, and the tangy air smelled fine. "What's holding you back, Betty Lou?"

I could see, starting out that way, he knew little about pace. I smiled. We worked out of the woods. We reached granite.

The way to move down over steep broken rock is to hit a stride and keep going. If you falter, you fall. You can practically run down chunks big as pianos if you keep the rhythm. I heard Curt yell somewhere behind me, "For Pete's sake slow up!" I hollered back, "Meet you at the bottom!" When Curt finally got to the bottom, I'd been

(*Continued on page 55*)

How to Fall Asleep

The why of insomnia and what some people do about it

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

IT'S 4 A.M. For five hours you've tossed and turned. Last night it was the same. And the night before, and the night before that.

Brother, you've got insomnia—and you've got it bad! You, and some twenty or thirty million others in this country alone.

Until recently, there wasn't much use in seeing a doctor about it. Most of a doctor's advice came down to prescribing sleeping pills—and then warning you not to take too many.

No wonder, then, that thousands of people have worked out their own "cures" for insomnia. Many such "cures" really work, at least part of the time, for some of the people.

Orson Welles, for instance, claims that he gets good results by reading the History of McHenry County, Illinois. Frank Craven plays imaginary golf. "I par and birdie and eagle, hole after hole," he says, "until it all becomes so easy that I fall asleep from sheer boredom." Gracie Allen claims she used to count sheep, but their baaing kept her awake. So now she counts oranges.

The great English poet Robert Southey used to recall the lectures of one of his schoolteachers whose voice, manner, and subject matter were all soporific.

Some people swear by naming the capitals of all the states. They insist that no one can remain awake past Pierre, South Dakota. The trouble with that technique is, suppose you can't remember Pierre?

Many people firmly maintain that such mental tricks are the very cause of insomnia. Instead, these people—many prominent physicians among them—advocate conscious attempts at physical relaxation.

One of the foremost exponents of this thesis, Dr. Edmund Jacobson, has advised a whole series of relaxing exercises. His patients first raise the right arm and clench the fist. Then they let the arm fall limply while the fingers partly uncurl.

From exercises like this they progress to the final lesson, called "relaxing your speech muscles." The entire series takes at least a week to learn and there are doctors who disagree violently with the theory upon which Dr. Jacobson's exercises are based. But for many people it works.

The one thing that all doctors warn against—and with good reason—is the use of sleeping pills. Yet in a single two-year period the sale of phenol-barbital—just one of the many sleep-inducing drugs—mounted from 25,000 pounds a year to more than 45,000 pounds. That is enough to provide one night's dosage for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

Many of the sleep-inducing drugs, if misused, are harmful to the heart or the nervous system. Prolonged use of barbiturates by sensitive people often causes a painful skin rash. Prolific and continued use of some of these drugs can bring on temporary mental disturbances, sexual disorders, and even death.

Though doctors condemn self-medication with sleeping tablets, they themselves prescribe immense quantities. For the extreme insomniac, sleeping pills may often serve a vital purpose. The more wrought up the patient has become from lack of sleep, the more his condition interferes with normal sleep. The prescription of sleeping pills at such a time serves to carry him through a period of crisis and to give him that minimum amount of rest which permits him to approach the "problem" of sleeping in a more normal way.

But the physician realizes that the effect of these sedatives and hypnotics is very different from the natural process of sleep. The drugs temporarily paralyze overactive brain centers and thus cause what one scientist has called "a simulation of sleep."

Here, of course, we are treading on the ground of theory rather than of fact. We have little precise knowledge of the effect of these drugs—in moderate doses over a short period—upon the brain cells. For that matter, we have no exact knowledge of the nature of sleep itself. Scientists have erected and abandoned scores of theories to explain the alternation of sleep and wakefulness.

Perhaps the sleep theory most widely held today, and the one which comes nearest to explaining all the facets of the problem, is the so-called "evolutionary theory of sleep" propounded by Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago. Dr. Kleitman conceives of sleep and wakefulness as alternate phases of a rhythm. The most primitive waking is that which he terms "wakefulness of necessity," as when an animal wakes because it is hungry or thirsty.

One of the things researchers have discovered about sleep is that the inability to sleep normally may quite as often be caused by obscure physical conditions as by nervous tension. Dr. Michael M. Miller of Washington, D. C., for example, has recently conducted extensive studies with a group of twenty patients who suffered from extreme insomnia accompanied by nervous tension, anxiety, and emotional instability. All were placed upon a diet containing only a fraction of the usual amount of salt. In seventeen of the cases substantial relief from tension and insomnia was soon obtained. But when salt was added to the diet of thirteen of these patients, ten promptly suffered relapses into insomnia.

FAILING to sleep for one, two, or even three nights is not necessarily a calamity. Theodore Roosevelt used to argue that he went to bed solely to sleep. If he did not fall asleep quickly, he simply got up. Both Napoleon and Wellington were confirmed insomniacs who looked upon sleep as a luxury and a waste of time. And there are thousands of persons working hard and enjoying fair health who haven't had a good night's sleep for years.

Thus, perhaps the first prescription to try is the formula of just not trying so hard to sleep. The chances are that if, instead of letting wakefulness throw you into a panic, you welcome the chance to enjoy consciously relaxing in your comfortable bed, you'll find yourself yawning. If you don't, you have hundreds of more complicated procedures to fall back upon.

THE END

SOLO IN TOM-TOMS

BY GENE FOWLER

GENE FOWLER knew he had a father—knew it during the years his strong-willed, acid-tongued grandmother and his genial prospector grandfather brought him up in the Rockies. Here, mingling a lively youth with a livelier climb to fame as a newspaperman, he gives you a rapid-fire account of his life until he finally found his long-lost parent.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · READING TIME: ONE EVENING

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IT had been a long quest. Now in 1920 I was to meet my father for the first time. He seemed a fable of a man named Charles Francis Devlan. The world seldom had seen him, nor he the world, during his thirty years of hermitage on the high slope of Squaw Mountain.

This stranger would be fifty-two years old and I thirty that Indian summer in Manhattan. As I awaited his coming, I remembered my late grandmother's indictments of the man as she sat beside the base-burner stove on distant winter nights in the Rocky Mountain West.

The pioneer grandmother who reared me said that Charles Devlan was a person of no importance. "He was a stubborn disgrace. A dream-ridden failure, he stayed only long enough to beget you, then forget you, and wandered off to the hills."

Among the things which I wanted my father to explain was how a quarrel concerning a cup of coffee had sent him to the hills for thirty years.

At the time of this first meeting with him, I had been a New York newspaper reporter for two years.

When the doorbell of my apartment sounded, I went to the door to open it upon a man who wore a graying Vandyke beard. His eyes were fine and gray.

We were both wordless for a time. Then, referring to his beard, I said, "So *that's* where you've been hiding all these years?"

This remark contained magic. We shook hands. My father came inside. I offered him a chair.

I remarked that I had expected him to call earlier, as a matter of fact, for dinner.

"I've been walking the last hour or so around the block," he explained. "I couldn't make up my mind to come in." He looked at me earnestly, then added, "I was afraid that you might not want to see me."

I offered him a cigarette. He fidgeted, and I asked, "Say, what's wrong?"

"I'd rather have a cigar, if you don't mind?"

"I don't mind," I said. "Why should I mind?"

He brought a cigar from his breast pocket as if handling a contraband weapon. "I was only thinking about your grandmother—"

"What about her?" I asked.

"I mean no criticism of anybody dead," and he paused, "but she was so set against—"

"Oh," I interrupted. "You mean smoking?"

He smiled a little, but said nothing.

"She was against drinking, too," I reminded him. "Shall we have a little drink?"

His self-consciousness left him. A glad fire enlivened his eyes. "Well, now," he said, "I don't do much drinking. But. . . ."

I had gone for the bottle.

We talked until late. I asked concerning the cup of coffee. I inquired about matters having to do with his people and mine. It must not be supposed that this first visit revealed all the mysteries that had puzzled me during my long quest for a father. We were to have numerous talks and much correspondence during the next seventeen years.

Now, as I write of my father, it is as though we again were meeting for the first time. I hear him once more as he speaks of his courtship days, of his friends, his mountain home, his dreams. And I hear him speak without rancor of my grandmother and the cup of coffee that caused the quarrel which sent him into high solitude on Squaw Mountain near Mt. Evans.

AS the story came down the years to me, it seems that Charlie Devlan left his father's house for a morning stroll one Sunday in February, 1889. This was in Denver, Colorado. He was twenty-one years old.

Charlie followed a cable-car track that eventually passed a red-brick church. To him the Methodist church was but a casual landmark. He was not a member of this or of any other congregation; his belief in God as yet was somewhat dim and formless. He took a crossyard trail made in the snow of the church grounds.

Now the soprano part of an anthem reached him from a narrow memorial window. The voice was sweet and clear and young. This was a fantastic thing, to see no one, yet to hear the unseen one, and feel that she was not a stranger calling to one's heart, stirring it for the first time.

He found himself walking toward the entrance of the church. He started up a stairway to the double-leaved door. Then, as the soloist's voice became lost in a choral response, a terrible shyness overcame Devlan. He retired confusedly to a near-by street corner.

He pretended there to be awaiting the cable car. Eventually the congregation sang the doxology: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow. . . ."

The doors opened. Then the buzzing Methodists began to emerge as from a beehive.

The last of them boarded a cable car, and the street became a Sabbath emptiness. Devlan walked home slowly, all the time hearing the young voice in his heart.

On Monday he was at his lathe. He was employed as an apprentice pattern-maker. He earned twelve and one-half cents an hour for ten hours of work each weekday.

When the next Sunday morning arrived, the young man dressed himself in his good suit. Then he put on a frayed Norfolk jacket and set out for the church.

He arrived late, and once again suddenly became paralyzed in spirit. He retired, as on the previous Sunday, to the street corner. Once again he pretended to be awaiting the cable car.

Lost in a welter of daydreams and frustrations, he forgot to step aside when the cable car approached. The conveyance came to a stop. The conductor was one of Charlie's friends.

Conductor George Pell took Devlan's fare. "What you doing in the neighborhood of the church?" Then Pell added, "I'm the organist there."

"But you aren't at today's services."

"We're shorthanded," Pell explained.

"You must be acquainted with everyone in the choir," Charlie said. "Do you know the soprano?"

"We have two sopranos. Birdie, and there's the Wheeler girl. Seventeen. Her name's Dora Grace, but everybody calls her 'Dodie.' Do you sing, Charlie?"

"No," Devlan said. "I can't sing much."

"Well," Pell sighed, "here's hoping the dispatcher won't call me next Sunday."

Devlan was late at church on Sunday, March 3, 1889, because he had been ordered to work at the shops on an emergency project. He opened the double doors of the vestibule at a time when Organist Pell was playing the offertory. His self-consciousness subsided when he saw the back of the friendly Pell's neck. Devlan sat looking at the choir, the six women and five men. They occupied chairs at the left of Pastor Thornton's pulpit.

The newcomer became interested only in the youngest member of the choir. He admired the girl's black hair, the pert curls high over the brow, and the long tresses down her back. He was too far away to be certain as to

the color of her eyes, but they seemed large and dark. Her olive complexion was brightened by a radiance of cheeks and lips. She was gracefully enchanting as she sat clothed in a go-to-meeting dress of dove gray.

Choirmaster Bright stomped into position. Accompanist Pell began to pedal-pump. And now Mr. Stookey began to sing the bass solo.

The Wheeler girl had risen with the others. Devlan was pleased to observe that she was not tall, for he himself was not tall.

After Mr. Stookey's roaring solo was done, the ensemble responded in full chorus. And now the girl began to sing alone. Hers was the voice Devlan had heard that first Sunday outside the memorial window.

After the services, he watched the girl as she joined a purposeful woman of perhaps fifty years, an Irish woman of strong frame. That would be the mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, steel-spectacled, clothed in a Paisley shawl and a bustled linsey-woolsey dress.

Devlan was looking after the girl and her mother when Pell arrived at his side.

"George," he asked, "how do you go about joining this church?"

HOME from church services, young Devlan climbed to the attic, there to rummage in an old trunk. This chest held the once-prized keepsakes of his late mother.

In the trunk, he found that for which he had come, a small Bible with a silver clasp. He then retired to his own room and called out to his stepmother that he wanted no dinner.

He sat until evening reading his mother's Bible as if for a school examination. A swift perusal of this Book might expedite his membership in the church.

Next Sunday Pell sponsored Charlie for membership. Devlan's quiet deportment and Pell's enthusiastic representations of his friend's virtues lulled the critical faculties of Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler. She dropped her guard. She permitted her daughter, Dora Grace, to "have company" for the first time in the parlor of her house in West Denver. The mother afterward referred to this lapse as "the biggest mistake since Tiberius Caesar named Pontius Pilate governor of Lower Galilee."

How Dora Grace was won, or, to quote Mrs. Wheeler, "lost," to Devlan, seems a miracle, when one considers the difficulties of courtship during a Victorian age. The kerosene lamp was put out by ten o'clock, and with it the suitor. And until curfew time, Mother sat the other side of the portieres, pretending to read or darn.

The sturdy Mrs. Wheeler had survived the hazards of travel in a covered wagon with her parents in 1858. Since that pioneer time, she continuously had challenged poverty and toil. Now she braced herself against the loss of someone most dear to her. Notwithstanding Mrs. Wheeler's counsels—actually her commands—Dora Grace became headstrong in her purpose to marry Charlie.

The shocked mother wrote to her husband concerning this predicament. Norman Wheeler, absent from home on one of his many silver- and gold-hunting missions among the mountains, replied in a penciled letter: "Nobody is good enough for our Dodie, but if her young man can stand up against you, he deserves the best."

Mrs. Wheeler next appealed by post to her son, Dewey Emmett Wheeler, at this time a reluctant student at Baldwin Theological Seminary in Kansas. Dewey's letter of reply was mostly concerned with his personal need for three dollars.

And so they were married, Charlie Devlan and Dora Grace Wheeler, by the Reverend Thornton on the afternoon of May 21, 1889. They stood on the pulpit platform in the small church to recite their promise of a lifelong partnership. Pell played a wedding march on the organ.

Then the young couple left on their "honeymoon," a ride about the city, together with a party of young friends, aboard a chartered streetcar. This four-hour tour had been arranged by Pell at a bargain fee of seventy-five cents a couple.

When twilight came, colored flares shone along the topsides of the streetcar "special." Inside it, the wedding party ate sandwiches and cake, drank lemonade, and sang the songs of yesterday.

CHARLIE'S family moved to Idaho Springs. It was young Devlan's intention to take his wife to live with them until he could make his own home in the mountains.

"No, my dear," said Dodie's mother. "This woolgatherer will strand you on some bare rock. I forbid it."

And so the young couple set themselves up in a room at the house of Mrs. Wheeler.

Dewey Wheeler arrived home in June of 1889. This rugged young man had shown a greater ability at fist fighting than at theological studies.

In September Dodie's father returned from the hills. He was burdened with rusty mining tools but with little else. The fifty-one-year-old optimist would look for winter employment. Perhaps he might promote a grubstake in the spring, a thing he had managed to accomplish several times during the Leadville boom days, when H. A. W. ("Silver Dollar") Tabor had befriended him.

Wheeler was friendly enough to his son-in-law, perhaps because the prospector was a minority man. He never was known to side with any majority, no matter from what righteous elements it stemmed. He never had been known to be on the winning side of anything, especially in matters of mining. Three times during his Colorado career he had staked out claims only to find them worthless; but his near neighbors had struck it rich.

On winter evenings, Wheeler would sit in the basement among a great arsenal of picks, shovels, sledges, drills, and miners' candlesticks. There he would munch Bellflower apples, specked "seconds" obtained for thirty cents the barrel, as he mulled over a ledger which contained diagrams of his claims. Then he would consult an array of musty papers drawn up by patent lawyers. Occasionally he would go outside the house, look off at the mountains, stroke his spade-shaped beard, wave his hand and say, "Wealth for all."

He wore a "pancake hat" encrusted with ore dust. He kept it on his head when indoors, although his wife frequently urged him to remove it.

"Why don't you send that disgraceful hat to the smelter?" Mrs. Wheeler would say. "It probably contains more precious metal than you'll find elsewhere."

"It's not a man's hat that counts," he would reply. "It's what he's got under it."

"Precisely," she would snap.

He wore thick-welted miners' boots, which he kept in repair on a knee-last in the cellar. His array of shoemakers' tools was almost as vast as his collection of mining implements.

Although Norman Wheeler lived in a world of tomorrow, and was obdurately optimistic, his past had several sore spots. One of the exasperating reminders concerned his ancestry. When he chanced to remark that his people "went back beyond the Revolutionary War," his wife said, "Yes, so I understand; they were Hessians. Fought against the Americans."

"My folks were Pennsylvania Dutch, and you know it."

"Indeed, yes," she said. "These so-called Dutch—Germans for the most part—were Hessians, hired by the English to fight us."

"When you say 'us,'" the husband ventured, "do you mean the kind of Irishmen like your father, who didn't come here till 1834, and ran a saloon?"

Mrs. Wheeler, a foe of the demon rum and of what she regarded as a garbled statement, retorted: "My father, John Parrott, and my mother, Dora Parrott, were Irish. From County Cork, to be explicit. They went to Bethel, New Brunswick, Canada, in 1819. I admit that John Parrott had a tavern there—not a common saloon, mark you. And when he saw one of his little sons tasting liquor from the glass of a guest at the tavern my father closed a prosperous business. He then moved with his family to Ohio to become an honest farmer. He preached the Word, and wrote religious poems. He was not an Englishman, God be praised! And he was not a Hessian! He had fifteen children, thirteen of whom survived to be educated at their father's knee. Did your father educate anybody?"

When assailed in this fashion, Mr. Wheeler would retreat to the cellar. When springtime came, he would set out once again to seek the long-promised wealth in the hills. He had made ten such pilgrimages, and now, at fifty-one, was graying like the hat he wore.

SOON after Wheeler came home from the mountains that autumn of 1889, he asked his daughter, "Is this fellow you're married to treating you right?"

"Yes," she replied.

"That's all I wanted to know."

One day early in November Mrs. Wheeler said to Dodie, "So that's the way it is, eh? You are going to bring the child of a blunderer into the world?"

From this time until January of 1890, the girl wept a great deal. One morning Devlan sat alone in the kitchen. If only he had the means, he would insist upon taking his wife, as was his right, to a home of their own. He had proposed that they go live in a small room, but Dodie said she thought her mother would feel more kindly disposed when the child arrived.

Devlan, sitting today in the kitchen, was troubled by what he believed to be his wife's divided loyalty. It now was time for a test of wills. If he did not win against his mother-in-law in some small measure, no matter what the nature of the test, he felt that he would be lost, and that his love would be lost.

Dodie was in her room. Her mother was with her. Charlie sat waiting for the coffee to boil, and waiting for the test that he felt must come today, now.

He heard Mrs. Wheeler's footsteps as she left her daughter's room. She came into the kitchen. Now, he thought, I'll do it. I must win over her.

"I want a cup of coffee," he said boldly.

She turned, amazed at his tone, then replied, "Say 'please,' and I'll pour it."

He stared at her defiantly. "I said I wanted a cup of coffee."

She placed her hands on her hips. "Please," she repeated. "Say 'please.' "

"I want a cup of coffee."

"Please."

Neither of the antagonists gave ground. Finally, the young man rose from the table to go to the room where his wife lay in bed. He kissed her. Then he put on his overcoat.

"What is it, Charlie?" she asked. "What's wrong?"

He put on his hat; then he kissed his wife again. "Good luck," he said.

"Charlie! You're not going away?"

He was at the door. Dodie rose from the bed. "I'm no good," he said. He left the house.

"What have you done, Mother? Charlie's gone."

Mrs. Wheeler put her arms about Dodie, and said, "Good riddance."

IT was a tumultuous March 8, 1890, the day I was born, a day and night of wind and snow. When George Pell rang the doorbell to inquire concerning Dodie's health, Mrs. Wheeler said to him, "You may inform your friend that it's a boy; but you may also tell him that it's mine and not his. Is that clear?"

The abating blizzard left white ramparts on the plateau where the city was and in the valleys below timberline of the Continental Divide. And a wreath of snow lay like a memento upon the roof of an old cabin where Charles Devlan now was staying.

Devlan had found this place one day when he had gone horseback riding eight miles south of his father's house at Idaho Springs. Although it now was the season of hibernation, he saw this locality as the home of abundant wild life. The spring would unlock this pale and frozen silence with the resonance of wild bees and the tumbling songs of liberated streams.

Here the venerable John Evans, second territorial governor of Colorado, owned a ranch. Beyond that property the government held a timbered domain. Devlan applied for a homestead site of one hundred and sixty acres of this land.

The young man planned to build his cabin eight hundred and eighty feet up the south slope of Squaw Mountain. He dreamed of establishing here a shelter against his loneliness, a sanctuary for his memories. He would attack the wilderness about him, fell trees and haul the timber to the mines and mills of Clear Creek County. That would be the means of his subsistence.

He would hunt game and gather wild berries. Eventually he would plant a high garden. And for thirty years to come, he constantly would see Mt. Evans close by. That peak stands 14,260 feet above sea level.

Governor Evans and the old peak named for him both exercised a mighty influence upon the life of my father and upon the lives of so many of us who lived in the western world. In my father's eyes, the mountain became a high altar, a place of startling visions during his long solitude. Against the massive slope of the white peak, he twice saw the figure of my mother. Both times he became convinced that some important event concerning her was impending, and so it proved.

He had seen the vision for the first time, he eventually told me, the evening before Dodie was remarried in 1894. He at once left the mountains to go down to the city to stay at Pell's house. He now had grown a beard to safeguard his identity.

My father was sleepless and agonized of spirit, he said, and not quite stable in his mind. He remarked that he might have done something desperately alien to his quiet nature, had he not seen a child playing in the front yard of Mrs. Wheeler's house.

It suddenly occurred to Devlan that the child was his own son. The man stood for a while watching the boy. Then the tumults and fires of jealousy died, leaving only a dry sorrow inside Devlan's breast. He started out toward the church where he first had heard the girl's voice. This was her wedding morning. She would not be married in the church this time, but at a house that was to be her own. Devlan had not been able to give her a house. Her new husband could.

At the church he stood outside the memorial window where, almost five years since, he had heard the young singer. The voice that had aroused in him the impulse to meet the girl was not heard today. Not heard, that is, except in his heart. He went back to the mountains.

To me, in 1894, my father seemed only a name, a name seldom mentioned by the family. I had not known, of course, that he had been standing across the street from me that November day. I did not bear my father's surname, except in one notation, my grandmother's, upon a page of her huge Bible. Granny soon afterward assigned to me her own name, Wheeler.

My first confusions regarding surnames touched me when my mother quite suddenly became Mrs. Fowler. Now I felt that she was slighting me. True, this airy, carefree girl never had seemed a mother to me, quite. She had resigned most of her maternal duties and left the problem of my discipline and guidance to Grandmother. In fact, Granny had usurped those functions.

I called my mother "Dodie." I never became courageous enough to call her "Mother," although I wanted to do so. And now a stranger appeared with the title of "Stepfather." Mysteriously enough, and unjustly I thought, he changed my mother's name to his, but left *my* name out in the cold.

FRANK FOWLER was a gay-spirited, adventuresome fellow who flitted in and out of our everyday lives. How and where he first met my mother I never knew.

After a single night of residence with Mr. and Mrs. Fowler in their new home, I learned that I could not dramatize myself there as effectively as I had done elsewhere. Granny welcomed this decision.

The panic of 1893 had left us in straits more hampering than before. The lucklessness of Norman Wheeler, of course, had been persistent. He recently had discovered an especially rich showing of silver near Creede on the headwaters of the Rio Grande. Vastly elated by his newest prospects, he returned to Denver early in 1893 to promote capital to work his claim, and to say, "I always told you so." That was in April. Then business tightened, and in July the fall of silver was heard all over the world.

My grandmother once described Grandfather's "blow" of 1893 as follows: "After spading up two-thirds of the State of Colorado, your grandfather found 'wealth for all' at exactly the wrong time."

A daughter was born to my mother in 1896. The girl was named after the herald of "wealth for all," and called Normadine. The excitement of having a small sister was rubbed out when I learned that her last name automatically was Fowler. How could this be so? I had a sister but

couldn't have the same surname as hers. Now I *really* sulked.

I was entered as "Eugene Wheeler" at the old Fairmount School. During the first roll call, I behaved like a sullen stowaway, and would not answer to my name.

A dark curse in those days attended the child of divorced parents. I remember the time when I fell in love with Helga, a pigtailed charmer in the first grade. Then as afterward I was not graced with the art of romantic diplomacy. I suffered over this first passion for perhaps a week before leaving a note on my beloved's desk: "Will you be my girl?"

I could have withstood the anger of an affronted lass, but what Helga gave me was her scorn. When, after long days of agony, I managed to persuade this young beauty to speak to me, and asked why she had been offended, she replied with simple finality: "Your parents are divorced."

Something *had* to be done about my name. Frank Fowler finally agreed to adopt me. Now I had won the surname, my third one, Fowler.

It may be that my blind spot in regard to names was merely a manifestation of the costly vagueness that always has plagued me in the practical world. It is my habit to dive heart-first, and head-last, into anything of my fancy.

Grandfather once remarked, "Son, you air like Hazy Austin. Hazy got drunk from a jug while driving his hosses and buckboard out of Telluride one night. He fell asleep in the wagon. When he woke up in the morning, his hosses had been cut loose and wandered off. He looked around, then said: 'If I'm Hazy Austin, I've lost two hosses. If I'm *not* Hazy Austin, I've found a wagon.' "

ONE morning in the spring of 1899 I spent an hour or so in the cellar with Grandfather. Since the panic of 1893, his prospecting ventures had been curtailed. As a stop-gap necessity, he had gone into the grocery and meat business, first with his son, Dewey, and then with Frank Fowler. But his heart and his hopes stayed in the hills.

Today he said, "How'd you like to come along with me to the mountains?"

I reeled against the barrel of apples, almost upsetting them. The old man nodded with complete understanding. "It all depends on a talk I'm going to have with Judge Bryce this afternoon. If things go right, you and me air as good as off to the hills right now."

"But Grandma won't—"

"She's going along," he interrupted.

Downtown, we went inside the Mining Exchange building and up the stairs to Judge Bryce's headquarters. The Judge wore a black patch over one eye, had a black mustache the size of a crow's wings, and looked exactly like a pirate in civilian dress.

The two men spoke of their late friend, H. A. W. Tabor, and also of William Jennings Bryan.

I became restless. The Judge brought a key from a desk drawer, and told me how to find the water closet down the hall.

"Now about financing this venture," he was saying as I went to the hall. "An attorney named Eldridge. . . ."

I was manipulating the key in the appropriate lock at the end of the corridor when the door was opened from the inside. And now I believe that I dropped dead, and then miraculously was restored to life on the spot. Colonel William F. Cody, Buffalo Bill himself, came out of the very place into which I was preparing to enter!

The tall hero didn't see me. Why should he have? I was but a mortal. He was making an authoritative readjustment of his Stetson hat.

I quit this scene reluctantly but necessarily. When I reappeared from the restroom, my hero had vanished. I ran down the stairs to the foyer of the building. He was not there. I went outside. He was standing across the street. A group of men, women, and boys surrounded him.

I now forgot all about the trip to the mountains; forgot my grandfather and Judge Bryce. The key—well, I never knew what became of *that*.

Buffalo Bill set off with long strides. Together with other boys and men, I followed him down the street. I made up my mind to follow the hero anywhere this day, across mountain or plain. And where do you think was "anywhere"? It was the St. James Hotel, and not a camp, a tarpaulin tent, or a tepee. He strode majestically into the barroom.

I almost became a cynic. Nevertheless, I followed after him. Then someone took me by the shoulder, and none too gently pushed me outside the saloon.

"Drinks for the house," the Colonel bellowed.

I waited for two hours in the street near the entrance to the hotel. I felt that Buffalo Bill would leave this place of frolic and decadence and redeem himself somehow. I was still hoping when Grandfather found me. He had been looking for me high and low, he said.

"Well," Grandfather said on the way home, "we air going up to Clear Creek. That's final. Idaho Springs. Empire. And that's where I mean to strike it rich."

Aboard the streetcar that took us home, George Pell chanced to be the conductor. "The boy here," the loyal friend of Charles Devlan said as a pleasantry, "soon will be big enough to pay half-fare."

"By that time," my grandfather replied, "he'll not have to ride the cars. We'll buy him a pony."

"I see," Pell said. "Off to the mountains again, eh?"

"We're going to Clear Creek!" I blurted out. "Idaho Springs! Empire! Gee whiz!"

Pell looked off toward Mt. Evans. "Charlie's done a lot

of building and clearing up there near the Springs. He wrote me." The conductor then left us to attend to his duties elsewhere in the car.

"What did Mr. Pell mean?" I asked Grandfather. "What is my father doing?"

"Now look, son, let's not go into that at this time. The main thing is that you air never to tell anybody where you're going on a prospecting trip. No, sir!"

"Why not, Grandpa?"

"Because, when word gets around where *I* go, there's always liable to be a gold rush, or a silver rush."

When I arrived home, Grandmother asked, "Why are you so frisky? He didn't stuff you with candy, did he?"

"I saw Buffalo Bill," I said.

I was waiting for her to swoon, but she merely nodded. "Then you saw practically nobody. Is that all that happened?"

"No, ma'am. But I can't talk about *that*."

"You can't? And may I ask why not?"

"I shouldn't tell anybody about it," I said. "If I did, it would start a gold rush."

The old lady laughed heartily. "A gold rush in the opposite direction," she said.

Grandfather went on ahead to the mountains. He said he would find a cabin there, or build one if need be. The old gentleman had been gone two weeks when we received a letter from him. After advising us to "come on," he requested us to bring him a new supply of "backache remedy."

The formula for this mixture was set down in his letter: "One ounce compound of sarsparilla, one ounce Tories compound; these to be added to a half pint of rye whisky,

and used in tablespoonful doses before each meal and at bedtime."

Granny would not have on her conscience any part of the procurement of alcoholic prescriptions. She handed the letter to Uncle Dewey, then said, "Do as you see fit about this. He asks for two dozen bottles."

Dewey defended his father's medicinal urges. "Now look, Mother. I admit that he uses up a lot of pills and tonics, but he does it to fight off disease."

The old lady smiled. "I'll say this much for him: here is a man who always meets his diseases more than halfway."

OLD Number Sixty hauled us over a dog-leg course to the foothills. Then we began a four-hour climb on narrow gauge iron. The locomotive hugged the crags, crossed ravines, and became momentarily lost in tunnels.

The most agile person on the train was the "train-butcher." His surest money-getter was a supply of cheaply made smoked-glass spectacles: "To keep the Colorado sun from striking you blind. Only one dollar a pair."

When he tried to sell Granny a pair, she advised him, within the hearing of several customers: "What these good people need is not something to make them less blind, but a device to make them less dumb."

She refused also to purchase scenic postcards, saying, "I prefer to look upon the Lord's own work, mark you, and not the photographer's." Nor would she buy a parcel of fruit and sandwiches for thirty cents. She indicated a shoebox in the baggage rack. It contained our home-packed lunch of fried chicken, sandwiches, deviled eggs, Concord grapes, and apple pie.

"This generous meal for two," she said to the persistent huckster, "cost a great deal less than thirty cents. Now please run along and cheat the tourists."

When we had left the train at Empire, a paunchy man with the breath of a malt vat introduced himself as "Mr. Eldridge, attorney-at-law, assessment worker, part owner of the Little Columbine claim, and at your service."

The several miles that Mr. Eldridge's bay horse wheezed along the trail were not without incident. Had it not been for the homing instinct of the horse, we might have plunged off a trail designed by the local undertaker.

The attorney frequently reined in his horse, then got down to reach over the side of the wagon and under the seat board for a jug. Each time he did this he would mutter an "excuse me for a short recess, madam." Then he would go behind a rock or a tree, the jug hanging like a briefcase from his hand.

After perhaps the tenth one of these wayside errands, Mr. Eldridge fell asleep while driving. He awakened with a lurch and apologized with thick phrases for the numerous delays. He got down again from the wagon seat to retire behind a stump that overlooked a precipice. He wove back to the vehicle to discover that he had been dispossessed. Mrs. Wheeler now was sitting in the driver's place, the reins in her capable hands.

When we reached the cabin that Grandfather had prepared, Granny and I climbed down from the wagon. As Lawyer Eldridge drove off, he shouted over his shoulder to Grandpa, "Wheeler, your good wife is a sight for sore eyes! Yes, sir! She is all that, *per se*. Welcome to Red Mountain, madam."

"No one," said my grandmother, "could be a better authority on sore eyes than that drunken sot."

The cabin was large if compared to most prospectors' cabins of that day. The walls were of logs. There were four bunks, one-over-one, two at either side of the single room. The bed ticking of our bunks contained pine needles, and seemed the most fragrantly restful mattresses in all this world. And the night music of a near-by tributary to Clear Creek became a part of one's dreams.

Every day seemed Christmas, with hundreds of thousands of Christmas trees; and every day was 4th of July as well, what with the dynamite salvos from the mines.

The place of our home near one of the several "Mormon Roads" across the Great Divide was hardly a settlement, but there were several cabins in the vicinity. Mr. Eldridge was our nearest neighbor, and farther on stood the only "real house" within several miles of us. It even had a front porch! John H. Blake, an Englishman of early middle age, resided here. He had a French wife and two charming daughters of about my own years.

Mr. Blake was a person of such honorable deportment as to invite the friendly respect of all the miners and prospectors. He seemed to know everything. He told me the names of flowers, herbs, and other objects of nature. He told me that certain illnesses were caused by germs that invaded the body; but when I excitedly brought this news home, Grandmother snorted: "Germs? Germs, indeed! Well, I'll believe it when I *see* one."

Mr. Blake had sustained a curious affliction that changed his fortunes. He had been one of England's foremost professional tea-tasters. He had lived in India, China, and Japan, and now was writing a book about tea.

Perhaps the expert's excessive sampling of teas had drowned his faculties of smell and taste. At any rate, after his sense of taste had gone into an eclipse, he moved to America to begin life anew. He now was serving as field man for an English syndicate that sought the discovery and development of mining claims.

I was unaware of it at the time, but now I know that Mr. Blake was the first of my numerous "candidates" in the quest for a father. I was not looking for paternal affection so much as for guidance in matters that seemed large and grave and important to a boy. In Mr. Blake I found

a trustworthy arbiter, one who neither ignored nor ridiculed my questions, and who met my inquiring mind as if he and I were on even terms.

DODIE came to Red Mountain early in July. She brought with her my little sister, and a baby brother, Jack. The four bunks of our cabin were taxed indeed.

Now for the first time I could be my mother's real companion. Before this summer, she had lived for the most part in houses other than mine. And before that I had been too young to know of her nearness.

Sundays in the city I had seen my mother at the church where she sang, and occasionally we had Sunday dinner together. But there were so many boarders at Granny's house as to make of a mother-and-son visit a fiasco.

I can recall Dodie's singing voice clearly, yet I cannot bring to mind the sound of her speaking voice. But I recollect distinctly the times when we walked together in the mountains. There was a corduroy bridge across the creek down by the Mormon Road; but Dodie and I usually crossed upon the felled log near our cabin.

One day my vivacious mother removed her shoes and stockings, and sat on the log to dangle her feet in the cool, clear waters. Her dark curls blowing, her dark eyes fixed upon the dizzying stream, she began to sing. She improvised this little song, I think, for there were no words to it, merely a succession of delightful trills, and a recurring tune obviously borrowed from something other than a solemn hymn.

Now, abruptly, she left off singing. She was seized with confusion. Mr. Blake was standing on the opposite bank of the creek. He saw at once that he had embarrassed the

barefoot young woman. He politely lifted his hat from his head. "I had not meant to intrude. Please forgive me." He then turned and walked away.

"Don't mention this to Granny," Dodie said to me. "She might think I'd done something immodest."

"You couldn't," I said with all my heart.

She placed her arms about me and kissed me.

My stay in this paradise was interrupted toward the end of August. One morning an itinerant prospector known as "Sawtooth" Joe ambled up on a donkey. He called out: "Hi, thar! I got a telegram fur Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler."

A telegram was a great event in anyone's life, and a fearful one as well. Mrs. Wheeler adjusted her spectacles and read the message, her lips moving without sound. Then she announced to us, "My sister Susan lies at death's door in Kansas." To her husband she said, "Your brother Victor has done something horrible."

Victor was Susan's husband. The Wheeler brothers had married two of the several Parrott sisters.

"What do you mean?" asked Grandfather. "Let's see that there telegram."

"It's not the actual message that tells the story. It's what I read between the lines. Vic has shot Susie. And it's murder."

"Now, now!" Norman Wheeler stuttered. "You air jumping at conclusions, Lizzie. Susie ain't dead yet."

"Not yet," said his wife, "but her life is hanging by a thread." Then, as she began to pack our things, she added: "If Susie dies, I myself will provide the rope for her slayer."

Granny decreed that I accompany her to Denver, where she would stop over long enough to procure from Frank Fowler the railroad fare to Kansas. I was fearful that we might not arrive in Kansas in time for a deathbed scene. As described to me, these "scenes" not only seemed events of great dramatic import, but a dying pioneer might utter words that were prophetic, or have visions, or sing with the voice of an angel.

IN Holton, Kansas, we found Aunt Susan in her bed. Uncle Victor sat in a far corner of the kitchen, speaking to no one and no one speaking to him.

With the vigilance of childhood, I assembled the facts, then wrote them down in a letter to Mr. Blake. I assured him that I would let him know promptly when Aunt Susan died, if she voiced any prophecies, and if Uncle Victor mounted the gallows.

The letter went on to say that Norman Wheeler's younger brother was one of the surest pistol shots in Kansas. He kept his loaded pistol on his hip by day and beneath his pillow at night in the upstairs bedroom of the small white house.

One black night Aunt Susan roused her husband with the whispered news that she "heard someone prowling downstairs." Uncle Victor unpillowed his pistol, admonished his wife to remain in the featherbed, then added, "Don't worry about *me.*"

He tiptoed downstairs to find no burglar there. Then he investigated the premises outside, but could not see or hear a prowler. When he returned indoors, however, he heard someone stirring at the foot of the stairway.

He shot in the direction of the noise. There was a moan, then the sound made by a falling body. Uncle Victor's two daughters came screaming from their room. They lighted a lamp and saw their mother as the victim.

I kept an eye alternately upon Aunt Susan and Uncle Victor, waiting for dramatic happenings. I took time, however, to gather some late-lingering sunflowers to take to the invalid's room, but Granny intervened.

"Good gracious!" she said. "What are you doing with all those weeds in the house?"

"For the funeral," I said.

"Oh, you mischievous varmint! That's the Wheeler blood in you. Always doing the wrong thing at the right time. Out with you now!"

The vitality that had sustained Aunt Susan's parents and many of her brothers and sisters was hers as well. Her convalescence was a slow one, but die she would not.

Granny and I went to live on the farm of another sister, Martha, during her time of recovery. The capable Aunt Martha was great-hearted, but had stern views as to education and discipline.

"Lizzie," she said to Granny one day, "you simply must not encourage your grandson to miss so much school. What is to become of him? Here he is, poking about, learning nothing when he should be in school."

"We read to each other every night," Granny replied.

"But what else? Nothing. Why, the child only yesterday asked me why the nineteenth century had no nineteens in it, and then insisted stubbornly that it should be called the eighteenth century."

"I think the lad is right," said Granny.

"You mean to say the calendar-makers are wrong?"

"Well, Mattie, they have been caught napping at times. Pope Gregory finally corrected Julius Caesar's calendar after fifteen hundred years—a rather long nap. And even now we have a leap-year day sticking out like a sore thumb. Perhaps my grandson one day will give us a calendar that we can depend upon."

"Not until he learns to add two plus two!"

I was entered in the Holton school, and it may be said in all truth that never before in its history had it seen a boy so deficient in arithmetic. Also, I would not, or could not, become proficient in the Spencerian exercise of penmanship.

The teacher complained to Granny: "Your grandson absolutely refuses to use the forearm as a means of restful control."

"I have a son in Denver who writes a copperplate hand," Granny replied. "He doesn't use his forearm. He holds his pen between the first and middle fingers. And, while we are on the subject of forearms, Jehovah wrote with His finger upon the Tablets of Stone on Sinai—*Exodus,* Chapter thirty-one, verse eighteen."

One day in November, I received a letter from Mr. Blake. In it he sounded a buglecall that I still can hear:

"Eyes front! You are about to see great things. A new century is less than two months away. Miracles will come to pass. How fortunate that you and I will witness this coming of an age of machines and scientific discovery. I trust that you will be back among us for the great event, to see the new day dawn among the Rockies, in fact, a new daybreak all over the world."

With this letter in my pocket, I felt most important. "Mr. Blake and I are going to see daybreak in the Rockies!" I announced to my teacher. "Will you be there?"

She viewed me with some concern. "No, I shall stay right here. But I am pleased to know that *you* will be *there!*"

WHEN we returned to Denver, I began a letter to Mr. Blake. I confided to him, among other things, that Granny and I were living with Dodie and Frank Fowler until Grandmother could find a place of her own large enough to accommodate boarders and roomers. I quoted Granny as saying, "This will be a lean Christmas and a lean year. Your Grandfather will see to *that.*"

Soon Granny and I returned to our old neighborhood in West Denver. Grandpa had come home from the hills "with a touch of pleurisy."

The first boarder to appear at the gray house in the gray month of February, 1900, was Joe Shane. The sandy-complexioned salesman was "waiting until a misunderstanding died down" before going on the road again.

During the New Year celebration in Hastings, Nebraska, Mr. Shane lost both his wallet and his railroad pass. Stranded, he became acquainted with a troupe of itinerant actors, members of a languished Uncle Tom's Cabin company.

Their manager and two bloodhounds had escaped the sheriff, but Little Eva and the others stayed behind. Mr. Shane and Little Eva became friends.

Mr. Shane had been "in wholesale groceries." He kept two large sample cases packed with specimens of his wares in his hotel room. Little Eva, a young woman of extensive appetite, prevailed upon him to open his firm's various tins of sardines, peas, tomatoes, and succotash. The salesman and the actress thus avoided malnutrition; but Mr. Shane lost his position because of a betrayal of trust.

Now back in Denver, he confided to Uncle Dewey: "When the last crumb of my stock was consumed, that

chippy flew the coop with a hypnotist who'd played the Opera House for a one-night stand."

Our second boarder was Dr. Oswald A. Parr. The mannerly newcomer wore side whiskers like Chester A. Arthur's, and was said to be a man of means.

Dr. Parr was introducing to the public an evil-smelling preparation, Magico-Sulpho. He offered this cure-all at a special price of twenty-five cents. Whenever the contents of a phial was spilled into a hot-water bath, a fuming inferno was liberated. The rotten-egg vapors reached all the rooms of the house.

The doctor seldom partook of a midday meal at our table except on Sunday. Notwithstanding this loss of six repasts each week, he paid Granny her full fee of three dollars a week. Dr. Parr's generosity, as well as the fact that he neither smoked nor drank, modified Granny's first opinion of him: "Here's another fake unearthed by your Grandpa."

A middle-aged couple, the Raffertys, also came to live at our house. They were aloof of manner, as if tarrying among peasants. They were chronic complainers, slow payers, and refused to accept from Dr. Parr a vial of Magico-Sulpho.

The fifth paying member at our table was Bostwick, a tuberculous glass blower. He drank a great deal, it was said, but partook of his whisky when away from Granny's household.

The glass blower first appeared at our house with a Mexican hairless dog under one arm and a paper-wrapped object under the other. He was persuaded to rid the premises of both the dog and the package before Granny would permit him to become her paying guest. He went off with his naked dog to quarter it at the glassworks. As for the parcel, it had quite another fate.

That paper-wrapped object, as Granny soon ascertained, was an urn in which the ashes of Bostwick's late wife reposed. Bostwick seemed deeply attached to this memento, but agreed to take it elsewhere. He went downtown with the urn, got drunk, lost the funeral vase, then afterward spent his days off among the saloons trying to locate it. Eventually he suffered a pulmonary hemorrhage and died at the glassworks.

His last words, as reported by a fellow glass blower, were: "Put my ashes along with my wife's—if you can find the urn—and give the dog to the big-eared kid."

"Indeed we'll not have such a nasty thing as *that* in our house!" Granny exclaimed. "You already have a poll parrot. Isn't that enough?" But she relented, and the dog became mine. His name was Maximilian.

MY parrot, Molly, had been given me by Uncle Dewey, who got her from a source unknown to Granny. Dewey Wheeler, now married, was operating a meat market and grocery store in partnership with his brother-in-law, Herman McCready. The store, called the Grand National Market, was situated on Larimer Street, the alleyway of which paralleled the red-light district of Market Street.

Many patrons of the market were habitués of the houses of ill-fame; they ate the best food and paid the best prices without hesitation. A season of misfortune, however, came upon one of the women customers of the Grand National, French Marguerite. Her lover deserted both the woman and her parrot. Then her clients left her. Uncle Dewey, whose heart was large and warm, did not press her for the payment of her grocery bill.

One day the police ambulance arrived at Marguerite's door, upon which there was painted her name, and above it like a heraldic crest, a faded red heart. On the way to the County Hospital, Police Surgeon McGillivray put aside his stomach pump, then called out to the driver: "We'll go to the morgue instead."

The parrot was left to Uncle Dewey, who decided to take it home. Molly became jealous of Dewey's baby daughter and once bit Aunt Etta's nose.

"You darned fool!" cried Aunt Etta, holding an apron to her pretty nose. "You darned old fool, you!"

"Come on in, kid!" screamed the bird. "Don't forget your hat, dearie!"

It was a great day for me when Uncle Dewey placed Molly in my keeping. She called me "Pretty boy," a slight overstatement, but she seemed so sincere whenever she uttered it.

Molly would sit upon my shoulder even when I bicycled. Then she would spread her wings and cry out in what seemed to be a foreign language. Granny would listen to the parrot's glad cries of "Pretty boy!" "Come in, kid," and the foreign phrases. Then the old lady would say to Dewey, "Now where on earth did you get such a thing? And what is this gibberish she is spouting?"

"The bird was raised in a convent, Mother," Dewey would reply. "Belonged to one of the schoolgirls."

Molly detested Granny and also did not like Mrs. Rafferty. The woman boarder listened shrewdly to the bird's alien whoopings, then intimated that Molly was cursing in the French idiom. The bird was fond of Dr. Parr, although the vapors of the Saturday night baths caused her to sing in a strangled manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Rafferty voiced an ultimatum one day, saying to Granny that the parrot, as well as Dr. Parr and his evil-smelling essences, must leave the house; otherwise they themselves would go. Granny already had lost one paying guest, Bostwick. It was a melancholy prospect indeed to be threatened with another lessening of her income. But she replied to the Raffertys' threat: "I cannot say that I myself relish these medicinal stenches. Nor am I overfond of the parrot. But no one ever has ordered me about in my own house, mark you, and no one ever will."

The Raffertys left our establishment. Their noses upturned, they drove off in an express wagon. And Molly called out to them as if wishing them the opposite of bon voyage.

When the first mulberries were ripe in summer, I would climb high in a mulberry tree in our backyard. As I sat aloft on peach-crate saddles nailed to the crotches of the tree, I could see and hear much that occurred in neighboring backyards. Each sight, each sound, seemed a new experience, happening for the first time to anyone, anywhere.

The skies ordinarily were clear in this Rocky Mountain June, but an occasional haze obscured the yards and distorted the small houses. Then I would feel that the magic tree had taken wing. I felt that somehow I might fly off toward Mt. Evans, there to pay a call upon my father. I thought of him as being the Count of Monte-Cristo, waiting at the château; and I felt that he would escape at the right time to settle old scores.

ONE morning late in February of 1903, Dodie called upon us while on her way to see Mrs. Phila Dungan, who was making a cream-colored satin dress for Dodie to wear at the Spring Music Festival.

She was wearing a black polka-dot veil that day. When she kissed me good-by, I felt the small, dry threads of the mesh against my lips. She remarked that I had "shot up like a weed" to be much taller than herself.

"I'll drop in again," Dodie promised, "after my fitting."

That afternoon Frank Fowler stopped in at our house to say that Dodie quite suddenly had fallen ill, and that he was on his way to call a doctor. Would Granny meantime stay with Dodie? We went at once to Dodie's house and found her in distress. Her chief concern, however, was the likelihood of missing the Festival.

Dr. I. B. Perkins arrived to diagnose my mother's ailment. He came out of the bedroom to confer with Frank and Granny. "She must be removed at once to the hospital for an operation."

"I don't believe in the knife," Granny objected. "Surely something else might be tried."

"Madam," said Dr. Perkins, "I can't answer for her recovery if we don't operate."

"There's a great deal of needless cutting and sewing up of people these days," Granny declared. She observed the effect of her remark upon the dignified surgeon. "I am in the habit of speaking my mind, Doctor."

"So I gather," replied the surgeon. He turned to Frank. "The decision rests with you."

"Whatever you say," Frank said. "You're the best judge."

Having overheard this conference, I slipped into the bedroom to look at my mother. Her long hair seemed especially black against the pillow; one hand lay like a fallen

leaf upon the coverlet, the palm turned upward, the fingers still.

The doctor and Frank now entered the room. Dr. Perkins affected a cheery manner. "Well, now. We'll just have a little trip to St. Joseph's Hospital, where you'll be taken care of in a jiffy."

The mention of the hospital frightened Dodie. She began to weep. "I don't want to die." After the horse-drawn ambulance had gone, I had a foreboding that I never again would see my mother alive.

A premonition much more graphic than mine was Charles Devlan's that same evening. I learned from him many years afterward that a feeling of uneasiness had been his as he did his final chores of that day on Squaw Mountain. Then, as night came, he looked out the cabin window that framed Mt. Evans in the moonlight. And now he thought that he saw the figure of my mother against the great hill.

Early the next morning, Devlan set out for Idaho Springs, to wait there for a train to the city. In Denver he

went to George Pell's house, and verified his presentiment that Dodie was gravely ill. . . .

On March 1 of the year 1903 the mulberry tree stood bare. I climbed it, knocked a slab of ice from a peach-crate saddle, then sat looking at the cloud racks of the gray overcast and out upon the wind-swept world. I stayed there until Granny and Grandpa returned from the hospital.

Granny arrived first and went into the house. And now, walking as one beneath a burden, Grandpa appeared. I got down from the tree to go to him. I felt that he did not see me, did not see anything. In the eyes that always had held great dreams, I now observed a blue vacancy. I never would see another face so empty of hope.

After we had sat wordlessly indoors for a long time, Grandpa said, "Maybe you should go lay down, Lizzie."

"No," replied the old woman. "I was up at work the next day after little Dodie was born. I shall stay up now until she is buried."

Dodie lay in a white coffin in her house, a white lace canopy over head. The cream-colored satin dress made for the Spring Festival was her shroud.

The next morning was gray again, grayer than yesterday. Dodie's friends gathered together at church. There was one vacant chair on the pulpit platform where the choir members sat as Pell played "Abide with Me" on the old organ. A wide black ribbon draped the empty choir chair. Among the flowers was a spray of red carnations which bore no card to identify the sender.

At Fairmont Cemetery the mourners who had arrived beforehand were waiting. Sleet began to fall. At a remote place, Charles Devlan stood unseen by the others. Then, after the words "Dust to dust," George Pell made an excuse to stay behind. He joined his old friend, and they went to the place where the earth was being returned. Devlan took a red carnation from the spray that had on it no card, and which lay among the flowers brought from the church. He stood looking into the half-filled grave.

The sleet-drenched shovelers paused briefly in their labors to permit this interruption.

ONE afternoon my good friend Edward Killian Sullivan invited me to his home. We found Papa Sullivan mumbling to himself as he worked upon a letter. Finally he put aside his pencil.

"Edward," he announced, "I've just canceled my subscription to *The Republican*. That newspaper has the gall to refer to Corporal Whitcombe as the youngest Civil War veteran. It's a contemptible lie! Everyone knows that I am the youngest." He shook hands with me. "How do you do, young man? And were any of your people soldiers of the North?"

"One of my grandfathers," I replied.

Mr. Sullivan eyed me shrewdly. "And how old was your grandfather when he enlisted?"

"Seventeen, I think."

Ed's parent now became most cordial. "Good! A young age, seventeen. I had just turned eleven myself when I carried the drum into battle. Stay for supper; we're having tapioca pudding."

Always on the alert for a substitute father, I set Mr. Sullivan down as a suitable one *pro tem*.

James Eugene Sullivan was a traveling man, reverenced by others of his calling as the "Dean of the Road." As a plumbing supply salesman, he was in his own fashion a pioneer. He introduced to the West the latest sanitary comforts, not the least among them a bathroom utensil known as the Silentflow.

Mr. Sullivan had two worries, both having to do with his obituary. He anticipated that some dolt of a newspaper writer might neglect to credit him with properly piping and fauceting the West, or deny him posthumously his historic place as the youngest soldier of the Grand Army. To forestall these injustices, he compiled a true account of his career and kept that journal in a suitcase which also contained his burial wardrobe.

THERE is always to be found among us a kill-joy. We had one, a boarder named Mr. Frey, a book-subscription agent. This captious fellow solicited orders for the works of the late Professor O. S. Fowler, whose linen-bound lectures on self-culture and perfection of character, amativeness, matrimony, and phrenology supplied zestful reading to Victorians.

Mr. Frey received orders, as a side line, for enlarged crayon portraits. In fact, he bartered one of these pastels, a picture of me as a five-year-old, as payment for a week's board and room at Granny's house. I may say that if I at all resembled this portrait, my romantic aspirations were hexed from the beginning.

Mr. Frey sold Papa Sullivan one of Professor Fowler's most popular books, *Science of Life*. Mr. Sullivan placed it among the several Civil War volumes in a glass-door secretary. Whenever Edward and I found an opportunity to do so, we would study the anatomical charts in the book.

Papa Sullivan had one possession that I coveted, a pink mustache glass, with a glass guard bridging the inside brim. Several times I hinted to Mr. Sullivan that I would like to own such a treasure, but he said he needed it as a receptacle for pen points.

The use of mustache cups was beginning to be looked down upon as an archaic practice. I decided to make a collection of them, so Uncle Dewey gave me his. And I managed to accumulate several others.

Mr. Frey one day examined my mustache cups and remarked: "Ah, hah! But have you got a left-handed one?"

He exasperated Granny by speaking disparagingly of Theodore Roosevelt's policy in regard to the Panama Canal Zone, adding, "The country is going to the dogs."

"We have dark days and ugly forces sent by Satan to plague us," replied the old lady, "but, mark you well, we always survive them. Mr. Frey, when you have doubts concerning our country, you are thinking like an insect."

Lincoln's birthday anniversary was always an event at our home. Early in the morning of February 12, 1904, Granny read "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd." Then Grandpa went to his day's work at Uncle Dewey's store.

I had been looking at the pictures in the family Bible, and was struck by the similarity of Grandpa to Moses. I ventured to announce to my grandmother that Grandpa was exactly like Moses, a pioneer and a rugged fellow. Granny said, "He resembles Moses in only two respects: he is always beating at rocks and looking at the Promised Land."

I thought this over for a time as I turned the gilt-edged pages of the great black and gold book. Soon I was absorbed, as always, by the exciting pictures. There were two thousand of these, according to a legend engraved beneath the eye of God, an omniscient eye that looked out at the world from a diamond-shaped device on the broad spine of the Bible.

If this eye were not enough to prompt one's moral repair, then the Book's awesome illustrations would accomplish the reformation. Angels with flaming swords, the homicidal embrace of Cain, the departure of Lot and his salt-destined wife from blazing Sodom, Samson tomahawking the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, witch-

es at work, writhing serpents, pits of eternal torment. . . .

I believed that a magic explanation of the gory tableaux lay in the meaning of the word "Selah," as contained in the Psalms. Were a person but to arrive at the meaning of the word, he would possess a charm against all the disasters shown in the Book of Books.

"I've counted all the Selahs," I informed Granny. "There are seventy-four of them."

"Indeed. All right then, there are seventy-four of them; and if Jehovah wanted us to know what the word meant, He would have told us seventy-four times."

Mr. Frey said, "Selah means Selah," and he winked with impudence at the Bible. I wondered that he was not struck dead, for the golden eye of God saw him.

That Bible weighed fifteen pounds. It was five inches thick, and had cost fifty dollars. Mr. Frey had endeavored to persuade Granny that her Bible was "behind the times" in respect to illustrations and reference notes. When he offered to procure for her another and better Bible, and accept seventy-five dollars worth of board and room in return for this courtesy, the old lady said: "Mr. Frey, when you speak slightingly of the Book that rests upon that table before us, you are speaking against the family altar. I shall prepare a sandwich for you to eat while on your way to some other house that is not so particular about its guests."

Mr. Frey went into exile somewhere in South Denver.

IN the fall of 1905 I entered high school, but illness soon interrupted my first term. Upon my recovery, I went to work as a delivery boy at Uncle Dewey's store.

The Grand National Market seemed to me to have been transported from Bagdad. Its shelves held merchandise seldom heard of by ordinary Westerners. These expensive goods were imported for the epicureans of the red-light district, who spared no expense on self-indulgence in wine cellar, wardrobe, or at table.

The chief employee of the Grand National, Mr. Ott, was the best grocer I ever knew. His thrifty ways with the merchandise offset the losses incurred by Uncle Dewey's generosity, Grandpa's carelessness at the scales, and my huge appetite.

It was not openly declared, yet I soon came to understand that I was not to reveal to Granny the full facts of my exposure to the regions of carnal events.

I was going to my place of work one day on a streetcar of which George Pell was the conductor. Mr. Pell, I thought, asked too many personal questions today. I did not know until long afterward that he was maintaining a loyal correspondence with Charles Devlan. He asked me this day why I did not write to my father.

"He never writes to me," I said.

"Your father is a mighty fine man."

I did not reply to this, although I was pleased to hear a good word spoken in behalf of one to whom my thoughts often returned.

"He never loved anyone but your mother," Pell continued. "And naturally he'd be interested in anything you do."

Then he asked me, "Where do you get off?"

"Nineteenth Street. I'm working at Uncle Dewey's store."

Pell seemed stunned. "Ain't that kind of a bad neighborhood?"

"I deliver groceries in the red-light district," I replied with an air of worldly superiority.

"You mean you see and talk to those women?"

"They're all nice to me," I replied. "Mighty nice."

Pell's eyes were wide. "And your grandmother permits it?"

"Uncle Dewey and Grandpa are there, too," I said.

"Powers above! The old lady must be daft."

"Why don't you tell that to her?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" and he quailed. "Nobody can tell her anything. No, sir!"

UNCLE DEWEY did not permit me to enter two buildings in the neighborhood of the market: the Arcade, a gambling place, or the Alcazar, a burlesque house. But business gave me access to many other places of forbidden grandeur. And perhaps the old mansion of gray stone with rose-stone trimmings at 1942 Market Street was best established in my romantic recollection.

It was there that I first met Trixie, who became my Dulcinea. I saw in Trixie the successor to the fabulous darling of the pioneers, Sarah Jane Rogers, known to the generation before mine as Jennie.

Jennie Rogers employed twenty-four girls at her mansion, it was said, but I doubt if ever she had one as beautiful as Trixie. I first saw Trixie in the kitchen of 1942 Market Street. A kitchen is perhaps not the most romantic of places, but a kitchen was not merely a kitchen that day late in the fall of 1905. Two dogs in the backyard, huge and suspicious beasts, barked at me. The basket of groceries was heavy on my shoulder. I had to brace the basket against the wall as I opened the door myself, the cook not being at hand.

Then, as I went inside the kitchen to lay down my burden, a woman's voice said, "Don't look!"

I wish I could be a gentleman. But why speak of decorum, of discretion, of anything when one's breast is full of jumping beans and fifteen years of life?

I did not know Trixie's name then. She had no name it seemed to me, and she had all names. Other than a pair of high-heeled slippers, she had on no clothes. I did not know what had brought her to the kitchen, and I was not the kind of person to ask idle questions. Of one thing I was certain, and that was the way Keats felt when he first saw the Grecian urn.

Trixie hastened out of the kitchen, and I went to the backyard, completely forgetting to take the basket with me. The big dogs barked. I reached the wagon, my senses playing leap-frog. Then I drove the old mare with unaccustomed speed to the Grand National.

I made it my business to learn the girl's name. She was beautiful and dark, and she had a way of walking into my skull at night. I could tell whenever she was coming into my skull long before I would see her in the moonlight. I

could hear the sharp rapping of her slipper heels on the floor of my head.

All night long I would dream of Trixie, and all day long think about her. It seemed as though I would never see her again, for she apparently did not frequent the kitchen, and I was not permitted of course to enter the house by way of the front door, above which a stone horseshoe stood against a rocky garland of flowers.

When summertime had come again, and there was talk of my re-entering high school in the autumn, I did not want to leave the vicinity of Trixie's house. Then one day I learned that Trixie had vanished from the mansion, but I did not find out at once where she had gone, or why. Had she died?

One afternoon I set out to deliver an order of goods to the home of a Mrs. Blank in South Denver. I found a small cottage that lay in a respectable although unpretentious part of the city.

When the back door was opened, Mrs. Blank turned out to be Trixie. My confusion was great. She was plainly dressed in a calico wrapper, and she seemed extremely contented and housewifely. There were no high-heeled slippers on her feet. But Trixie was Trixie, dressed no matter how. It occurred to me that she was now married. A great, aching resentment boiled inside my breast. I felt that Trixie had been grievously unfaithful to me. Moreover, as she directed me where to set down the groceries, she gave no evidence of ever having seen me anywhere before, or caring to do so ever again.

AFTER a long silence, Mr. Blake wrote to me concerning the importance of choosing a career. He said a young man should fix upon his life's work as soon as possible and faithfully prepare for it, notwithstanding the common belief that success was a four-leaf clover, something one chanced upon while going to the fair.

Despite my tendency to dream I became partly awakened by Mr. Blake's letter, and began to consider what I wished to become in the world of men. I had reached my second year at high school, moving at a laggard's pace that eventually might take me to college with an ear trumpet and a silvery beard. At seventeen I was six feet tall and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds. One of my teachers, Miss Lilian Newland, long afterward described me as having been "a lad of unbridled vitality."

I took part in several branches of high school athletics, but excelled at none. My one great talent went begging, and that was my ability to squat on either leg for as many as a hundred times in quick succession.

The drawback to this ability was its lack of romantic appeal. In fact, I lost whatever chance I may have had to win the heart of Bertha, a dark-eyed enchantress, by trying to impress her with my one-legged virtuosity. Bertha sat across from me in two of my classes.

Bertha's first smile—well, it was like being raised to the peerage. When she consented to go with me to the annual fraternity dance, I became so jubilant as to demonstrate my one claim to genius. I sank like a shot duck on one leg, and was up again in a flash. When I rose from the best squat ever seen west of the Mississippi, Bertha cancelled our appointment for the ball. Moreover, she advertised me to her sorority sisters as being "completely crazy."

At this time we were residing in a pressed-brick house on South Emerson Street. Frank Fowler had made good an earlier promise to buy a small cottage for us, with the understanding that my grandparents keep up the interest charges on the mortgage. This house had in it a bathroom with a built-in tub, electric lights, and a coal furnace instead of a base-burner. Granny refused to have a telephone.

"If I have anything to say to a person," she once remarked, "I always say it to his face."

Grandpa made a bench for himself in the cellar of the new house, and sat upon it like a dusty prelate. The aging prospector ignored the one electric light which hung from a cord near the furnace. He read by the light of a miners' candle. I had a room to myself upstairs; and from my front window could see Mt. Evans and the silver plumes it wore.

"You know," Granny said one day, "I've changed my mind about having a telephone; but, mark you, we shouldn't become too ambitious."

"I'll get you a telephone," I assured her, "just as soon as I am settled in my life's work."

"In your *what?*" asked the old lady.

"My life's work. I'm going to make thirty dollars a week one day. Then we'll have everything your heart desires."

She placed her arms about me. "My heart desires that you grow up to become a good man, and that you don't wander like the other males of the family."

My ambition to earn thirty dollars a week had arisen from my observation of a Norwegian named Karl. He was head man of the delivery department at Hurlbut's grocery store. I now worked at Hurlbut's on Saturdays and during my summer vacations. Uncle Dewey's Grand National had gone out of business and Dewey himself had obtained a position as head meat cutter at Hurlbut's. He found jobs there for Ed Sullivan and me.

When Ed first informed me that Karl earned thirty dollars a week, I couldn't believe it. Sullivan and I received only a dollar and a quarter for a Saturday, working from eight in the morning until after the store closed at ten at night. During vacation time, our pay was five dollars a week. Karl's thirty dollars seemed to us a salary unheard of this side of Wall Street.

During the afternoon lulls in business, Ed and I were assigned to the wine cellar. There we siphoned wine or whisky into bottles, then corked and labeled the spirits for sale upstairs.

Frequent contact with the barrels gave me a taste for drink. Whenever I arrived home with alcoholic fumes rising from me, Granny astounded me by pretending not to notice the evidence of dissipation. When one of her nieces remarked one evening that obviously I had been drinking, the old lady said to her, "I'll ask you to leave the house, and never come snooping around here again."

When I inquired of Granny why she herself didn't take a drink as a tonic, as many other aging persons did, she replied, "Because I'm sure that I would like it."

MY shoes were tight. The swelling of my feet increased as the new Interurban car carried me from Denver to Boulder among the hills thirty miles away.

These fancy shoes had cost five dollars—the last five dollars of a hundred advanced me by Miss Mary White, a philanthropic teacher of English at West Denver High School. She had advised me to spend the hundred dollars wisely, but thrift and Fowler never were bedfellows. After paying twenty dollars as matriculation fee at the University of Colorado, I visited a pawnshop and there purchased a leather valise and a set of boxing gloves. Then I visited Tom Holland's crowded saloon.

As I busied myself at the free-lunch counter, Charlie Epworth, the cynical guardian of the sausages and other dainties, commented upon my appetite. Accepting this as a slur on my purchasing power, I bellied up to the bar to address Mr. Holland with a slogan made famous by Buffalo Bill and John L. Sullivan: "Drinks for the house!"

This bravado entitled me to enormous helpings of free lunch, but it left me with only five dollars and little more than carfare to Boulder. On my way home, I saw the two-tone shoes in the window of Weiner's store. They didn't fit, but they were the largest of their kind that Pop Weiner had in stock.

The next morning, as I got off the Interurban car at Boulder, I had but fifteen cents. I purchased five cents' worth of gumdrops at a drugstore, then boarded the town's one streetcar for a ten-cent round trip into the near-by hills. Now I was bankrupt indeed.

After I had left the car, I found myself at the gate of a small cemetery. I decided to retire for an hour to the graveyard, there to remove my shoes and convalesce in privacy. A rusted iron chair stood beside one of the granite memorials. I sat down on it, envious of the strangers sleeping so comfortably below ground, and unbuttoned and wrenched off the shoes.

After the pain began to lessen, it occurred to me that I had no buttonhook with which to lock up my feet again. While thinking gloomily about buttonhooks, the poverty of great men in their youth, and the inadequacy of gum-

drops to stay hunger, I heard the notes of a flute. I looked up to see a musician coming through the gate. He was playing a skirling melody on a silver piccolo.

When the flautist caught sight of me, he left off playing to ask, "You're new around here, eh?"

I nodded, not too affably perhaps. The flute player then sat down on a stone slab near by and began to study the inscription on the monument nearest my chair.

"Tom Horn," he read, "November 21, 1860—November 20, 1903." Then he said, "Hm! Just missed another birthday. You're not related to Horn?"

I shook my head. "No, I just came here to think."

"What were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking how sore my feet are," I said. "Then I was thinking how Charlemagne was buried in a sitting position on a marble throne."

"Is that a fact?" The stranger rose and came close to me. "Say, fellow, you're lonesome and homesick. Come with me to the Delt house for lunch." He offered me his hand. "The name's Lockhart. Ferd Lockhart, but I'd rather you'd call me Jim."

So here was another fellow who had name trouble! I told him my name, but did not reveal that my father's name was different from mine.

"You don't happen to have a buttonhook, do you?"

"No," he said. "Newspapermen don't usually carry buttonhooks. Corkscrews occasionally, but no buttonhooks."

"You're a newspaperman? But you said you lived at the Delt house."

"I'm the professor of journalism." Then he added, "I'm a fine judge of newspapermen, and I'd like very much to have you enter my class in journalism. What say?"

"I was planning to become a doctor of medicine."

"The death rate is too high as it is," he said. "A fellow like you belongs in the newspaper business."

The next day I registered for Jim Lockhart's class. Instead of lectures, Jim told anecdotes pertaining to newspapermen and their profession. He supplied me with a new list of heroes.

AS I returned home from my one year in college, I felt that I had been a failure. Among other things, I had undertaken the milking of two cows; but I simply could not learn how to milk. It made me feel self-conscious and futile when a cow turned her head to see what I was or was not doing to her.

If it had not been for a gentle spinster, Miss Galloway, I might have suffered a year of famine. Miss Galloway was the cook at a sorority house where I washed dishes for my board. The bountiful cook prepared almost as much food daily for me as she did for all the Greek-letter girls for whom I dipped the chinaware and silver.

I had managed to support myself in school, but could send no money home to my grandparents. I had learned toward the close of the school year that all was not well with them; nor were their usual benefactors, Frank and Uncle Dewey, now in a position to assist them.

Back in Denver, I spent each night working as a signal clerk for the American District Telegraph Company. It was my monotonous business to record on charts the many bells that banged out numbers whenever night watchmen rang signal boxes during their isolated rounds in warehouses, banks, or factories.

I had listened to the bells for several months when the foreman one night announced that I had merited a two-dollar raise in wages. This meant twelve dollars a week instead of ten; but twelve dollars was not my objective. I wanted to earn thirty dollars. So when Jim Lockhart came to town to go to work for the Associated Press, I reminded him of my interest in journalism.

Several days later, Jim said to me, "I've talked to James R. Noland. He's city editor of *The Republican.* And he's promised to interview you for a job."

I could barely speak. "You mean it?"

"Yes. But you'll have to start out at only six dollars a week. That is, if Jim puts you on."

"I'd start out for nothing," I said reverently.

With characteristic impulsiveness, I quit my job among the bells on the Saturday before the Monday when I was to have my momentous interview with Noland. This optimistic action caused Granny to say, "Don't you think you may be taking too much for granted?"

"No, ma'am," I replied. "Soon I'll be making thirty dollars a week."

"Indeed." The old lady peered at me dubiously. "Then may I ask how much you are to receive at the start?"

"That's beside the point," I said. "You start at a nominal wage, but you go up like a skyrocket."

"Well," she said, "I hope you don't come down like one." Then she persisted, "Just how much is this nominal wage which you are to receive, maybe?"

"Oh," I said, "six dollars is the general rule."

"And you have just thrown away a twelve-dollar job to take a six-dollar one that may or may not be open?"

"It'll be open all right," I said.

"Son," she said quietly, "I want to confide in you. You are not, shall we say, an expert at figures. Now, mark you, I never have taken you to task for being backward at arithmetic, but there is something you simply should be told. Believe it or not, twelve dollars is more than six. Incredible as you may think it, twelve dollars is exactly twice six. Furthermore—"

"I'm getting bell crazy," I interrupted. "And my mind is made up. You'll stand up and cheer when I bring home thirty silver dollars."

"No," Granny said, "I'd have to sit down from the excitement."

AS I stood early Monday afternoon in front of the old gray-stone building that housed *The Republican,* the nearness of the interview thinned my starch. To keep up my spirits, I began in a low voice to say the speech I had prepared. But I shut off this recitation when several passers-by turned their eyes in my direction.

I began to climb the flight of steps that reached the editorial rooms on the second floor. As I opened the door marked "City Room," the sounds of the early afternoon assignment hour gushed in my face—the jumbled conversation, the katydid beats of a telegrapher's instrument, the laments of chairs in friction with the bare floor.

Inside the littered city room, perhaps thirty men were at work. No one looked in my direction; no one came forward to ask what my business was.

Courageously I approached the desk of Art MacLennan, the assistant city editor. He was gazing solemnly at something in his hand. I was rude enough to observe what it was that occupied his attention: the photograph of a woman clad in nothing but her earrings.

"Mr. MacLennan," I said, "I want a job."

MacLennan said, "It's time for me to buy myself a drink. If your problem is not too long or morbid, I'll listen to it in the saloon."

I followed him past the reporters' desks, and we went out of the door.

McLennan ordered us two rye whiskies, then said, "Every great man has a great weakness. Mine is listening to starry-eyed fools who want to get into the newspaper business."

"Do you hire many new men?"

"Mostly those with experience," he said. "The newspaper game is not a Maypole dance."

"I had a year in the school of journalism," I ventured.

"You don't mean to tell me?" and MacLennan's sarcasm was sulphuric. "In that case we'll put you in charge of the paper."

"Didn't *you* start at the bottom?"

"It's all bottom and no top," MacLennan said, "like the fat lady in the sideshow. Never mind about me and where I started. Just mind your own affairs, if any. You're going to have your own worries. You'll be kicked around, hooted at, and I personally will try to break your heart. Then, if you can stand a year of it without cracking up, hating everyone including yourself, and murdering your family in their beds, you can consider yourself on your way to being a newspaperman."

My excitement made me hoarse. "You're putting me to work?"

"I'm recommending you to Mr. Noland," he said. "He does the hiring. I make it possible for you to get fired, and I'm not fooling about *that.*"

I asked gingerly, "When do I report for work?"

"Tomorrow afternoon at one. Meantime, I'll speak to Noland."

When I arrived home, I found Granny churning some butter by shaking the cream in a large Mason jar.

"Well," I said to her importantly, "you are now looking at a real newspaper reporter."

"I'll try to get used to it," she said. "How much are they paying you?"

"I forgot to ask, but that will be taken care of."

She handed me the improvised churn. "Suppose you take care of this while I get things ready for supper."

Apparently she could not regard me as an adult about to engage in a great career. I wondered what Horace Greeley's grandmother had said to him the day he decided to become a newspaperman.

It wasn't MacLennan but Mr. Noland who put the first dent in my heart. After I had worked hard for a week upon the trivia that a cub reporter attracts, I waited for the paymaster to give me one of the small stout envelopes which he was distributing among the other men.

There was no envelope for me. Mr. Noland had completely forgotten to enter my name on the payroll.

When I explained this to Granny, she remarked, "I trust that Mr. Noland will not cut your salary any further next week."

ALMOST everyone, I should imagine, has a year which seems peculiarly his own in memory, a year enshrined where bright and fragrant candles ever burn. My year was 1912-1913, during which time I experienced a feeling of self-importance I never again possessed.

That year also contained high romance. And as my passions grew, so did my determination to achieve that weekly thirty dollars. As I moved with bouncing spirits toward the monetary goal and toward romance, Assistant City Editor MacLennan heckled me. Himself a darling of the ladies, MacLennan took pleasure in hexing the love lives of reporters.

The first of his onslaughts occurred at about the time when Mr. Noland finally got around to putting me on the payroll. As a six-dollar-a-week cub, I made nightly calls among the "lowers," the secondary hotels near the Union Depot.

While returning newsless to the office late one evening, I heard the music of a Salvation Army band coming from headquarters in Larimer Street.

Inside the mission hall, Captain Sledd directed one of the girl members, a trumpeter, to "play taps for our late comrade, Sylvester." The captain explained to us newcomers that Sylvester had been the bass drummer, "a worker for the Lord" who had died only two days before. He went on to say, "Sylvester's place will be hard to fill, both at the drum and in the vineyard."

I didn't hear the rest of Captain Sledd's eulogy, for now I was looking breathlessly at the girl who was to play taps.

Here, I thought, was the prettiest creature that I had ever seen, a rosy-cheeked brunette, on whose head the blue poke bonnet of the Salvation Army became an enchanting piece of millinery. When she blew taps on her battered cornet, I felt that Gabriel couldn't have done a better job.

Captain Sledd now beamed a "Thank you, Hettie," then asked for a moment of silent prayer for Sylvester.

At the conclusion of the services, I asked Captain Sledd if I might play the bass drum some time soon.

"Have you had any experience?" he inquired.

I was looking at Hettie. "Not much, but I'm a Methodist."

The Captain, obviously mistaking love for religious fervor, seemed impressed by my earnestness. He said that I might appear with the band on approval the next Saturday night, and offered to lend me an official cap. When he disclosed that Hettie was his daughter, I had certain formless forebodings; the Captain was a muscular fellow with a granite eye. I held Hettie's hand a moment too long. She withdrew it and blushed.

"Hettie's the apple of my eye," the Captain said.

"Apple, forsooth," thought I. "Rather a whole orchard in bloom."

When Saturday night arrived at last, MacLennan called me to his desk to say, "Never mind the lowers tonight. Here's the weather report. See what you can do with it in six lines."

"But," I objected, "I was planning on a human interest story about the Salvation Army. Captain Sledd has arranged for me to beat the drum."

"Go beat the typewriter instead," MacLennan commanded. "The weather forecaster is getting worse every day, and I'm gunning for him. If you can figure out some way to make his predictions look sillier than they already are, I may assign you to a Salvation Army story."

I had just begun to write the "short" on the weather when MacLennan again summoned me to his desk. "Didn't I hear you bragging the other day that your people knew Scout Wiggins?"

"My grandfather and he are old friends," I said.

"All right, then. I've a tip that Wiggins is dying; no outsiders are allowed to see him. Run out to his home, talk your way in, and get a deathbed statement."

SCOUT OLIVER P. WIGGINS, the almost ninety-year-old protégé of Kit Carson, lay in a room off the small parlor of his niece's home. He was dangerously ill from a gangrenous condition of the left leg. He had carried a

rifle ball in that leg for sixty years, the reminder of a battle with Indians.

It was my first experience at soliciting a last philosophy from a dying man. So I began far afield, mentioning that just recently I had read that Buffalo Bill had visited the Scout. It was my garrulous misfortune to say that I regarded Buffalo Bill as the greatest frontiersman since Kit Carson.

The sick pioneer got up to his elbows on the bed. "Just don't mention that faker's name in the same breath with Kit Carson," he commanded me.

The doctor came in to order me from the dying man's presence. On my way to the door I blurted out confusedly, "What kind of weather will we have this week, Scout?"

"Is Cody shooting off his big mouth as a weather expert?"

"No, sir," I replied, "but the weather forecaster claims we're going to have a week of clear skies."

"He does, eh?" said the Scout. "Well, I got an old wound here that never fails as a barometer." He flexed his sore leg carefully, then said, "It will be fair tomorrow, cloudy next day, and the next day after that we're going to have the damnedest cloudburst in years; and you can tell all the citizens for me, except Cody, to keep out of the way of Cherry Creek."

The urge was upon me to stop off for Salvation Army duties on the way back to the office. I had failed to get the deathbed statement, and MacLennan would not like that. I decided to go to the office, confess failure, and—after MacLennan fired me—hasten to the mission hall to enlist.

When I mentioned Wiggins' weather forecast, the editor gave a start. "This may be our chance to show up the

weather bureau. If the Scout is right, I'll see to it that you get to play the drum."

During the next days I watched the sky like a man adrift on a raft. The first day was fair, as the Scout had predicted. Clouds formed the next day; and then, on the third day, the black bowl of heaven dropped all it had, and Cherry Creek became a destructive torrent.

THE next Saturday night MacLennan again stood between me and romance. "They say the Scout is sinking fast," he declared. "Suppose you go out for the deathbed statement, and perhaps another weather report."

Once again the Scout rallied at the mention of Colonel Cody's name, and then issued a second weather report. His second prediction was in exact opposition to the scientist's in the Federal Building. And again the frontiersman was correct.

Upon MacLennan's recommendation I received a six-dollar raise. Now I could look Granny in the eye, and also think more confidently of eloping with Hettie.

I spent the Wednesday nights of August at the Salvation Army drum. But I had little chance to speak to Hettie for long at a time or privately, for the Captain kept his granite eye upon his apple. When I did have an opportunity, one warm romantic evening, to whisper to Hettie between hymns, I asked her if she would admire me the more were I to invest in a full uniform. At this she behaved as if I had made an indecent proposal.

When she regained her composure she said, "You mustn't speak of worldly things." But I kept on thinking of them just the same.

Now the unseen hand of MacLennan throttled my romance. From a remark I dropped at the Press Club concerning "the most beautiful girl in the world, a great musician too on the silver cornet," the alert editor smelled out my secret.

One night while I was hammering away at the drum and yearning for another chance to say worldly things to Hettie, I observed Harry McCabe, a police reporter, standing at the curbstone. Harry was leering at me and moving his brows up and down. It should have occurred to me at once that MacLennan had put him up to this low Irish trick, for the men were close friends, but love had obscured my reasoning powers. Besides, my heart pangs had caused me to take three solid jolts of liquor on my way to the sacred concert, and my blood was hot. When McCabe again leered and grimaced, I slipped my shoulders from the drum straps. I set the instrument down against a lamppost. Then I advanced toward the leering McCabe and was about to belabor him when Captain Sledd and other soldiers of the Lord intervened.

"I'm afraid that you are not meant for this work," the Captain said. He sniffed and continued, "Besides, we do not countenance strong drink."

This ouster and rebuke were as nothing compared to the look of farewell on Hettie's face. Two weeks afterward I went to the mission hall where she was serving coffee to some flophouse bums and managed to speak to her, but to all my entreaties she only shook her bonnet. I even promised to learn to read music; but nothing could influence her to readmit me to the fold. She gave me an extra helping of sugar, however, and there was a tear in her big blue eyes as she turned from me.

I never played the drum again.

DURING all my flutters over Hettie and my excitement over my own importance as a journalist, I thought often of Granny and of how best to share my forthcoming wealth with her.

My grandmother now was seventy-one years old, and Grandpa seventy-three. The years were beginning to make their shoulders droop, but their spirits never. Soon would come their golden wedding anniversary. I made secret plans to celebrate.

MacLennan permitted me to write a short story about the golden wedding day. When I handed it in he said, "Now don't get swell-headed, but the cashier may have something special for you."

When I opened my pay envelope, all the dreams ever dreamed by man came true. A twenty-dollar gold piece and a ten-dollar gold piece! The thirty dollars I had so long been waiting for! The most money in the world.

I reeled dangerously, but managed to ask the cashier in a tone of bogus serenity to change my gold into silver dollars. The cashier obliged me.

I took a copy of the paper with my story in it and read and reread it on the South Broadway "owl" car, but glanced up casually to inform conductor George Pell that I was now making thirty dollars a week.

"When I write your father about this," he said, "he'll be the happiest man alive."

This was the first time I had heard that Pell, or anyone else, had written about me to my father. So that was why Pell always asked so many questions when we met! "Tell my father," I said, "that I'll never be dependent on him for support."

This remark distressed Pell. "Why," he said, "Charlie would be glad to back you up in all ways. Only he's had a tough struggle; and besides, your grandmother—"

"I'm not criticizing my father," I interrupted. "And I don't think he's much worried about me."

"Gee, but you're wrong! So wrong. Why don't you write to him yourself, and tell him about your luck?"

"Not till he writes to me," I said. "And besides, Mr. Pell, it's not luck. It's ability that got me the big raise."

"I suppose so," he said dubiously as I left the car.

I let myself in as quietly as the clanking dollars would

allow and turned on the light in the parlor. I removed the silver coins from my pockets and placed them one by one on the edge of the green carpet to frame the tile hearth of the mantelpiece. Then I went to the foot of the stairs.

"Granny! Come down! Grandpa, come downstairs!"

Granny was first to appear, with a shawl draped over the shoulders of her canton flannel night dress.

"What in the world?" and she peered down at me. "Can't you let a body sleep?"

"It's your golden wedding! Come on down!"

Then Grandpa came. He was holding up his trousers and was in his sock feet.

"What air you up to?" he asked.

"Just you come down and see!" I called out. "It's your golden wedding!" First I showed them the newspaper article which told of their fiftieth anniversary. "I wrote it myself," I said with grand unconcern.

The old lady adjusted her eyeglasses, stared in amazement at the story, then gave the newspaper to Grandpa. "Look, Pa. Our names are in it. See? Right there. Both our names are in the newspaper."

While Grandpa was inspecting the story, Granny spied the silver-dollar frame of the mantelpiece tiles. "Well, well! What have we here? What on earth?"

I placed my arms about her. "It's a golden wedding present." Then I turned to Grandpa. "It's wealth for all."

"I really will have to sit down," Granny said through her tears. "Son, you shouldn't do this."

As I was about to reply, I observed that a sad, beaten expression was in Grandpa's eyes. He was managing to smile, but he seemed hurt about something.

Suddenly I knew what was wrong. This good, hopeful old man had worked and searched and striven for "wealth for all," yet never in his long life had he earned more than eighteen dollars a week as a regular wage. He was happy over my success, not the least doubt of that, but it sharpened the edge of his own failure.

I put an arm around him. "You know what this means? It means that you and Granny made it possible for me to get ahead. And it means that I'll send you on a great prospecting trip, so you can make us really rich."

A new light—rather, the light of other days—came to the old man's eyes. He straightened his shoulders, nodded confidently, and almost forgot to hold up his pants.

ON a July afternoon the day before the Cheyenne Indian festival in 1917, I traveled northward from Denver in a car driven by Jack Kanner.

When we came to Cheyenne, we heard no shouts or laughter to introduce us to a week of carnival. From somewhere beyond the Plains Hotel there rose a monotonous and melancholy chanting and the beating of tom-toms. The solo of a medicine man then carried over, his falsetto voice rising and falling to the rhythmic accompaniment of tribal drums.

In a near-by street we saw perhaps eighty Sioux Indians, both young and old, assembled near an undertaker's place of business. The body of Floyd Irwin, son of a Wyoming rancher, lay inside the undertaker's place. The young man, the best trick rider of the West, had fallen this same day while practicing his rides.

The medicine man was playing a solo with the leg bone of a wild turkey on the horsehide drumhead of a tom-tom. In his song of mourning, I heard a good-by to the West, a good-by to youth, and in this valedictory I began to find a meaning of my own young years.

The tribeswomen sat upon their haunches, their blankets cowling their heads. They rocked forward and back as they sang in reedy, primitive drones:

"Where has the young buck gone? Tell us where the long ride ends; say to us where the young buck has gone?"

The medicine man, his face streaked with white-clay symbols, beat upon his tom-tom. Now his voice rose above that of the other chanters in ritualistic elegy:

"From La-no-wa, the rider rides for the last time. The young buck rides away swiftly from the prairies and the streams. Our young brother goes afar."

The firelight, the keening voices of the chanters, the nearness of death to life, the beating of the bird bone against the hide of the willow-wood tom-tom. . . . The sudden close of youth's bright time. . . . Was not youth itself a solo in tom-toms?

Again the chorus of the old women rose in wailing cadence:

"Where does the young buck sleep? Tell us where the young buck is sleeping after the long ride? Say to us, where is the place for his rest?"

Again the tom-tom sounded in the night, like a naked heart. The old Indian sang his response:

"In the sky you will see his campfire. The young buck lies down beside the fire. He has made his fire among the uncounted lodges in the sky of night. See his fire, all people. Our young brother sleeps afar beyond the blue Tetons and the yellow river. He is brave with dreams."

The tom-tom, I thought, was the heartbeat of all young men and women. It suddenly became my own heartbeat. Its eerie telegraphy addressed me with a message of authority and truth. The message seemed clear and strong: "Youth is a dearest thing, and beyond it one is to find faith."

NOW in New York City, as I awaited the coming of the father I never had seen, I again heard the solo in tom-toms playing in my own breast.

When Charles Devlan and I met in 1920, he had sold his homestead acreage on the side of Squaw Mountain.

I had waited until now for him to volunteer the detailed story of his thirty years of solitude. That narrative came from him in fragments. He spoke of his visit to the church, of hearing the song outside the memorial window, the honeymoon trip, the cup of coffee. Hesitantly, he spoke of the visions seen against Mt. Evans, and of standing at the grave of my mother that day in March of 1903.

He spoke of having cleared trees from the hillside, of building a dam. He had built a blacksmith shop and forge where he shod his horses, repaired his wagons, and coopered the barrels for storage of vegetables in winter. Then an opportunity to build a great house presented itself. My father's words, as I recall them, were as follows:

"I always wanted to build a big house; not to live in myself, but just to show I could do it. I'd picked out a place on a ledge eight hundred feet above where the beavers build in the basin. The house I kept seeing for the ledge would be a kind of proof that I could give your mother a fine home. But of course that was a crazy thing even to think about."

"I don't think it crazy at all," I said.

"You don't?" He seemed relieved. "But she was dead."

"Anyway I don't think it crazy. It was a memorial."

"That's right," he said. "That's exactly what I mean. How did you know? But I had no money. Then one day Mr. Leonard Metcalfe of Boston—he's a big civil engineer—saw my place. He wanted to buy it, but I wouldn't sell. He kept offering me more and more money. But I wouldn't sell. Squaw Mountain was my whole life. Well, no, I kept thinking of you all the time. I mean—"

"But you finally sold to Mr. Metcalfe?"

"Yes. You see, he said he'd put a lot of money into a house of native stone and timber, and he'd let me build it, and stay on as caretaker. I could put my own ideas into the new house. That's what he promised, and he kept his word. I'll show you."

My father left the room, then returned with photographs of the most beautiful lodge I ever had seen.

"Did *you* build this?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes. I pretended I was building it for her to live in."

I ASKED, "Tell me what you really think of your life; I mean, what do you think the answer is to your own years? Men have written of solitude and of a world well lost, but you've lived it. What did you learn?"

His gray eyes were on me as he said, simply, "You mean was I a coward to go away?"

"I'm not accusing; I'm asking."

He nodded. "And I've asked it of myself lots of times. Sometimes I thought it was a brave thing when the winter snowed me in and the wind blew across the mountains. Then in spring when the thaws came and the flowers were out, I thought I was the biggest coward in the world."

"What made you think that?"

He said in a tone so low that I barely caught the words: "I hadn't made a fight to keep somebody I loved."

"Why didn't you? Because you were just a boy?"

"I didn't think she wanted me," he said. "And I guess I've got the wrong kind of pride."

"Then let me tell you something," I said. "I was only thirteen when Dodie died, but I know that she loved you. She always loved you, and nobody else."

"It's nice of you to say so," he replied. "But you were only a child. No, I was no good; and a woman can't love a man who's no good. How can she?"

"If that's what you think," I said, "look at me! The champion no-good of the century."

This seemed to hurt him. "Why, you're the finest—"

"Didn't Mr. Pell tell you the way I carried on? Maybe you yourself saw me coming out of—"

He cut in quietly, "I never paid much attention to where you came out of."

Unable to persuade him to see my faults, I asked, "What do you remember best about Dodie? What happy thing?"

"Well, well now," my father said with almost childish eagerness, "it was the time we went to a concert at Trinity Church in 1889. Yes, it was a Friday night in May. And do you know? When the concert was over, and all the fine singers were standing there, and all the people standing up to join in 'The Star Spangled Banner,' do you know what happened?"

"No," I said. "How could I?"

"Well, Dodie's voice rose over all the others. And everybody turned to look at her." He nodded his head in wonderment at this recollection. "I guess that was the proudest moment in all my life. I know it was."

THE END

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

WAR always has been the witches' brew. In the wake of its destruction have come writers whose understanding of life's elementals has been developed to near-perfection by heartache.

Such a writer, I think, is **Thomas Heggen,** whose **Mister Roberts** is of such intriguing quality that praise of any sort will fail to do it complete justice.

Heggen's book is about the men of the navy—drafted sailors whipped from farms, factories, bookkeeping desks to man the ships that won our battle in the Pacific. It is the best account of collective masculine living that has ever been written—men will enjoy it nostalgically and women will feel they grasp that mysterious secret of masculine companionship.

Thomas Heggen

Heggen has achieved a masterpiece in writing, in mood, and in perspective philosophy. The ship he writes about, the Reluctant—a supply ship—is merely a platform on which you find a despicable captain and numerous boys living as wartime sailors amid the most desultory tasks necessary to win the war. Intertwined with it is the saga of a young visionary who ruined his life for a principle and got his reward in death. He is Mister Roberts and the story is his, consciously, though at times it wanders away from him.

Some people will roar with joy at a few of the anecdotal chapters. They will be considered Rabelaisian but they are true reporting. Other chapters make you pause and speculate. Some will like the story of the Swedish boy who met the only woman on a Pacific island. Others will adore the deftly told tale of Bowser, the divinity student who went ashore late on the day that the crew ripped open a Pacific dream town.

This is Heggen's first book. He has demonstrated a tremendous ability to observe, report on, and interpret human beings. It may be his one and only effort. If it is, he may carry a laurel for life. We should all hope it is not, however. Rather we should wish that he will use his gift to turn out a novel at least once every two years, for his is a rare gift.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price $2.50.

CHARLES BEEBE had a clear-cut scheme for spending a quiet summer in the country with his grandchildren. Was he to blame if a horde of well-meaning relations and neighbors tried to impede the progress of his Master Plan for irrigating the farm?

Walter Beebe Wilder

Grandfather Objects is **Walter Beebe Wilder's** mirthful yarn of the rural tribulations of his lovable grandparent. Here are Cousin Jenny, who turned her Southern accent on and off like a faucet; Jakie the hired man, who found it hard to choose between applejack and his mountain sweetheart; Grandma Wilder, whose summer became a valiant struggle against guinea hens and moths; and many others, comprising one of the funniest groups of people to be assembled between the covers of one book.

Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.50.

HOMELAND, by **Georges Surdez,** is the delightful story of a Swiss family. Little Arthur Gardoz wanted to be like other people, but Father Gardoz had a roving eye and an itching foot, so that the family fortunes were always erratic and often precarious.

Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

S	C	H	I	S	M	■	■	S	E	A	T	S	■	■
C	H	E	S	T	Y	■	L	E	E	B	O	W	■	■
R	A	■	M	A	R	T	I	A	L	■	R	E	■	■
A	R	S	■	R	O	O	T	S	■	S	P	A	■	■
P	O	N	S	■	N	U	T	■	S	P	O	T	■	■
S	N	I	P	E	■	C	L	A	M	O	R	S	■	■
■	■	■	P	E	R	C	H	E	R	O	N	■	■	■
E	M	E	R	A	L	D	■	M	O	S	E	S	■	■
N	O	R	M	■	I	O	N	■	T	O	D	T	■	■
D	O	S	■	J	E	W	E	L	■	R	U	R	■	■
U	R	■	T	E	N	N	I	E	L	■	C	E	■	■
R	E	G	R	E	T	■	G	N	O	M	E	S	■	■
E	D	G	E	R	■	■	H	A	T	E	R	S	■	■

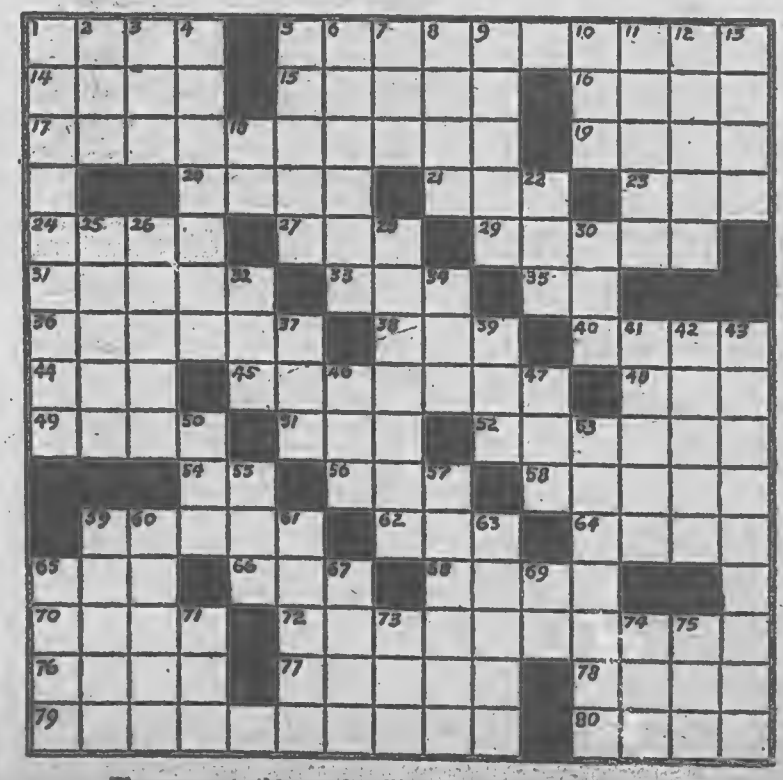
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 What the high-minded ocean traveler looks down on these days
5 Kind of man of a few million words
14 The planes of Texas
15 Organized hooting
16 A lean word
17 Tulip pressers
19 Shakespeare's swimmin' hole
20 Miss Chestnut's given name
21 His eye's on the bomb; the FBI's on him
23 Ixnay Peaksnay English (abbr.)
24 *Read* rashly (anag.)
27 Cry of the weeping willow
29 What any dame would take the wrap for
31 Foolish fancies
33 Lousy kind of wit
35 Sound often heard in a chem lab
36 You'll find them in two eyes, and two eyes in them
38 What waiters sneer over
40 Kangaroos' rumble seats
44 Put a dent in one's halo
45 Oldest American Union
48 He in panties
49 England's most unexpected visitor
51 When it gets balled up, drivers take wild swings at it
52 Best thing to say to the boss (two words)
54 Winners at poker
56 Work atom
58 The S. S. Cetacea
59 Team the charlady made
62 She made a lot of pigs of herself
64 Stupidstition
65 Natural uprising
66 Educated but low-down member of the football team
68 What the shapely limb, uplifted personality, and reddened lips act as
70 *Sure* is sorry (anag.)
72 Where the Big Red Team held the line
76 He does the work, the boss takes the credit—and cash (abbr.)
77 This bird's a *louse* (anag.)
78 Easy thing to get for Rita Hayworth
79 Men who wear raincoats, umbrellas, rubbers, and water-repellent underwear on sunny days
80 Want in *Eden* (anag.)

VERTICAL

1 Piscatorial duelist
2 Ain't not got
3 Intrepid Cockeyed Customers (they enable me to eat!) (abbr.)
4 People who are down in the mouth
5 Hard to make, harder to unmake (pl.)
6 This is always being picked up in Hollywood (they hope)
7 It comes before but means after
8 Careful—mad dogs broadcasting!
9 They have a stinging reply for everyone
10 Depression needler (abbr.)
11 Head of the surviving underground
12 Dad'll give anything if thirty-six-year-old Nellie will
13 What the Smythes do at 8 P.M.
18 Lovely Odor (abbr.)
22 Operation ——, or a meeting of Congress
25 Solution of the flyer's housing problem
26 What it does at the weatherman's picnic
28 Gin juices
30 Bully of U. S. 1
32 Pull things together after going on a tear
34 Noisiest thing about a man
37 Hair drape
39 Paul, the old snoop
41 Country, half fool, half famed uncle
42 Sauciest South American country
43 What the hepcat Romeo did to Juliet with a juke box
46 Chinese look
47 Kind of hat that makes a dame feel better
50 "I consider your attentions most forward!" (fem.)
53 Weapon, usually seen at military weddings
55 Kernel screwball
57 Little sailor, can hold drinks
59 His official capacity: any given amount
60 Swamp lettuce
61 A standout among the older, stuffier women
63 Sounds that emerge from the kiddies' bawlroom
65 The ruby-tinged female frontispiece
67 "——, Brute!" cried the French sewer
69 Horizontal 54's twin
71 City ways (abbr.)
73 Hoss without hoss sense
74 Rear Rendsoff Elephants (abbr.)
75 What no sensible women do after twenty-eight



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Order it with Confidence ... Serve it with Pride

Pabst Blue Ribbon

"IT'S BLENDED... IT'S SPLENDID!"

Copr. 1946, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW . . . EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, 10:30 PM EST . . . COAST TO COAST NBC

Shaggy Tales

Why Be-kind-to-animals Week will never apply to the Shaggy Dog

BY WALTER KARIG

"THE English-speaking world is roughly divided—and sometimes very roughly indeed—into two uneven and irreconcilable groups: those who tell Shaggy Dog stories and those who won't listen to them.

Being the small minority, the fanciers of the Shaggy Dog form a cult. When one of these raconteurs gets under way at any mixed gathering, the post-mortem following his first anecdote instantly distinguishes the sheep from—no, the Shaggy Dogs from the goats. It starts with the question: "Is that *all?*" and progresses through "Well, what's the *point* of the doggone story?" and ends with the unanswerable "What the hell is so funny about *that?*"

Perhaps the best way to explain is to relate one of the one-and-only-true-original Shaggy Dog(s).

The story goes like this:

King Arthur did have a son by Guinevere, but the son was a midget and never grew taller than six hands and a thumb. For all that, he had the stout heart and the keen mind of his father, and on his twenty-first birthday he implored his royal parent to make him a knight and initiate him into the chivalric fraternity of the Round Table.

So King Arthur dubbed his son Sir Atom and brought him to the conclave of the Round Table, where the gallant knights compared notes on maidens in distress, pestiferous dragons, and infiltrating Danes. But when it came time to ride forth on deeds of derring-do, there was not a horse in the kingdom small enough for Sir Atom to bestride. So King Arthur mounted his son on a shaggy dog; with his wee lance at rest and his miniature shield on arm, Sir Atom rode forth chivalrously looking for trouble. He slew dragonflies that were frightening little girls, and skewered many a mouse that had a fair damsel at bay, and so it went until winter came. Then, one evening, having strayed far from the castle, Sir Atom was overtaken by a blizzard.

Rain, hail, sleet, and snow assailed the doughty little knight. His visor froze shut. So he gave his shaggy dog its head, hoping that the animal's instinct would lead them both to safety. The dog plowed through the frozen drifts, whimpering from cold and hunger, and then suddenly raised its shaggy head, sniffed the gale, and with a yelp of delight made a beeline through the storm-lashed forest. At last there came to the knight's nostrils a whiff of wood smoke. There, deep in the forest, was a little inn.

The shaggy dog blundered against the great oak door of the forest hostelry, and the innkeeper, dozing behind the zinc, looked up in terror to see the beast, studded with icicles, bearing the midget knight right across the lobby. The dog's eyes glowed beneath frozen brows. His tongue lolled to the floor. His feet bled.

With difficulty the knight raised the visor of his helmet.

"Landlord," said he, "a goodly meal and lodgings for the night for me and my steed."

"Alas," said the landlord, "I can give you neither. The larder is empty, the house is full. I have two salesmen sleeping on the grand piano and a whole theatrical troupe sharing the billiard table. Every bed is taken, and that twice over. You should have made reservations, Sir Knight."

Sir Atom drooped dejectedly on his steed and dug his small spurs into the animal's flanks. The wind howled at the door, the sleet rattled on the windowpane as, with an almost human groan, the shaggy dog lifted his bloody paws in slow trek to the portal.

"Nay, wait!" cried the innkeeper suddenly. "Tarry, Sir Knight. You shall have my bed, for heaven knows *I wouldn't send a knight out on a dog like this.*"

There are some of the cult who hold that this is the godfather of the Shaggy Dog Story, and has given its name to them all. Certainly it is the oldest claimant for sponsorship honors. But, although given here in condensed form (a moderately good S.D.-er would spin it out for half an hour), you will see that this story comes to a point—of sorts—as the true Shaggy Dogs never do.

There is one about the swinging doors of a saloon opening to admit a pink elephant, a purple alligator with yellow stripes, and a two-headed snake. The patron at the bar leaps for a chandelier, but the bartender, without ceasing to polish his glassware, addresses the trio with: "You're too early, fellows. He isn't here yet." Bartenders are the principal characters in numerous Shaggy Dog sagas. For another example, there is the early-morning drinker who is astonished to see a dog enter the saloon and drop a half dollar from his mouth to the bar. Without more ado, the bartender mixes a Martini, drops in three olives, and the dog finishes it off at a gulp and walks out.

"Isn't that a bit unusual?" asks the patron.

"Oh, no. We always put three olives in a Martini," the barkeep replies.

The Shaggy Dog has even been translated into cartoons. "Bud" Fisher litters them effortlessly, and gets paid a very handsome salary for it. Mutt sees Jeff putting a lantern on a pile of rocks. "What's the lantern for?" he asks.

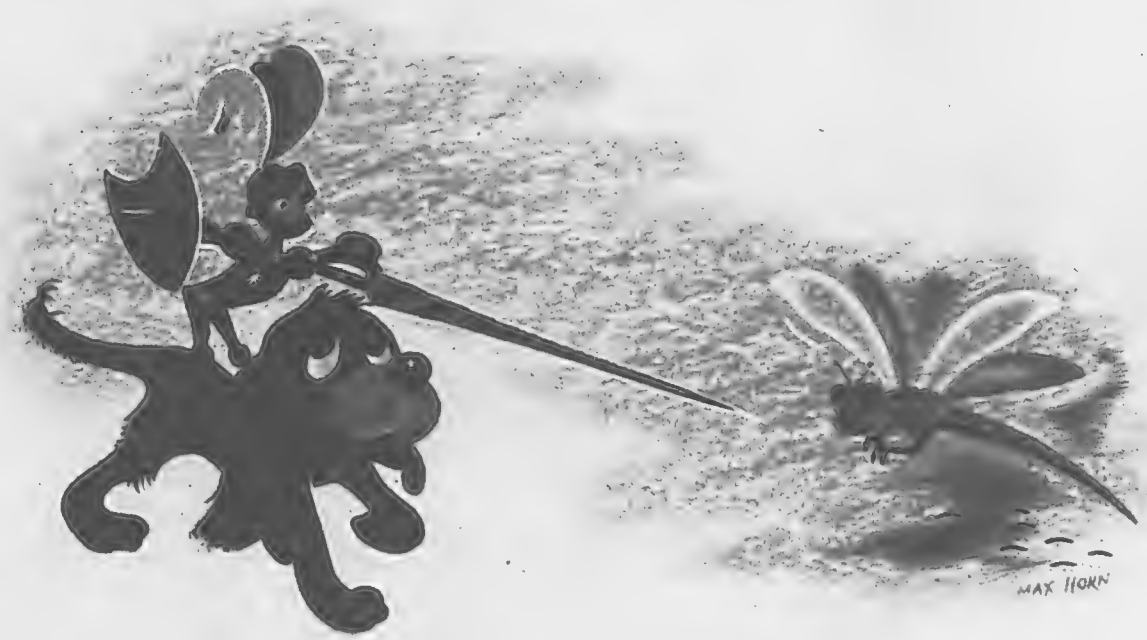
"To keep automobiles from running into the pile of rocks."

"What are the rocks for?"

"Why," says Jeff, "to hold up the lantern."

You see? Or don't you?

THE END



He slew dragonflies that were frightening little girls.

THE BARGAIN

Continued from Page 15

what he wants and can't be persuaded otherwise. His brain isn't very sharp but his head is very hard."

They wanted Ittimangnerk to stay on and brighten the monotony of their night with more stories of the white man and his strange habits. But he was a busy man and after a mere forty-eight hours he left, noisily taking leave—another breach of etiquette. His hosts looked away embarrassed, pretending not to hear him bid farewell instead of tactfully sneaking away. Separations were no cause for celebration where company was rare.

BUT the plant of curiosity took root and grew and grew, and while Ernenek raved about the rifle and its magnificent noise, Asiak wondered about life at the trading post, which Ittimangnerk had unsatisfactorily described.

"The white man," she would say reflectively, "hates frozen fish and rotted meat. He spoils all food by holding it over the fire."

"But he has many rifles," Ernenek would rise to his white brother's defense, "and some make even more noise than Ittimangnerk's."

"He lives in an enormous house of wood, sticky with heat, and he feels cold all the time."

"But he has more bullets than you have wits and each bullet can fell a bear, like that. He must be eating bear liver and bear tongue all his life."

When day and spring and life returned to the top of the world, Ernenek did not lurk over the seals' breathing holes, nor drive south to hunt the reindeer and musk-ox herds. Even the distant sight of a bear clambering over the ice caused no stir in him. He drove inland only to set snares among the dwarf vegetation that dug itself out laboriously from under the wintry crust-snares made of sinew and wood and bone, snares with springs and trap doors and nooses; and when he sighted a fox on the loose, he waddled after it, shooting his stone-tipped arrows.

Asiak drove to their far-flung caches to retrieve buried deep-frozen provisions, for they always kept great food stores. In summer, while hunting or servicing the traps, they almost entirely dispensed with sleep. But they fed stupendously, and so did the team that howled with hunger as the day was long and hacked away with their fangs at anything that lived or had lived; and men and animals put on again, despite the exercise, the flesh and fat that had dwindled during the long winter night, when drowziness replaced hunger.

And although they ate every scrap of the skinned foxes, their provisions dwindled swiftly and Asiak began to worry.

"By the time winter comes we won't have much to go on," she would say.

"Then we'll eat a little less," Ernenek answered blithely, as if he would be the only one to tighten his belt. "But once I have my rifle we'll get game so easy that we can become twice as fat as we are now."

It was hard garnering so many foxes. There was plenty of easier game, seal and walrus and, only a month or two farther south, muskox and caribou. Sometimes the fox escaped, leaving a leg in the trap. And sometimes a whole row of snares had been sprung out of sheer meanness by the crazy, clever, impudent wolverine, the despair of all trappers; and where there had been a fox in the trap, the wolverine had playfully torn it to tatters. Oh, if Ernenek could but once put hands on a live wolverine!

But Ernenek had a one-track mind and ran around indefatigably, setting snares faster than the wolverine could spring them, retrieving the caught foxes before the wolverine could ravage them—until he had caught his even hundred, was sick and tired of their stringy and bitter meat, and had all but cleaned out the larder. But he could wave the skins before Asiak's nose whenever, in a feminine mood of alarmism, she prophesied starvation and graphically depicted the inevitable extinction of little Papik, followed by her own and much later by that of Ernenek, alone, forsaken and remorse-bitten.

By then the sun had slipped below the horizon on his six-month flight. The world was colorless, a gathering gray, except for the corner of the sky where the sun had last been seen, and the first stars were beginning to break through the tightening veil of winter.

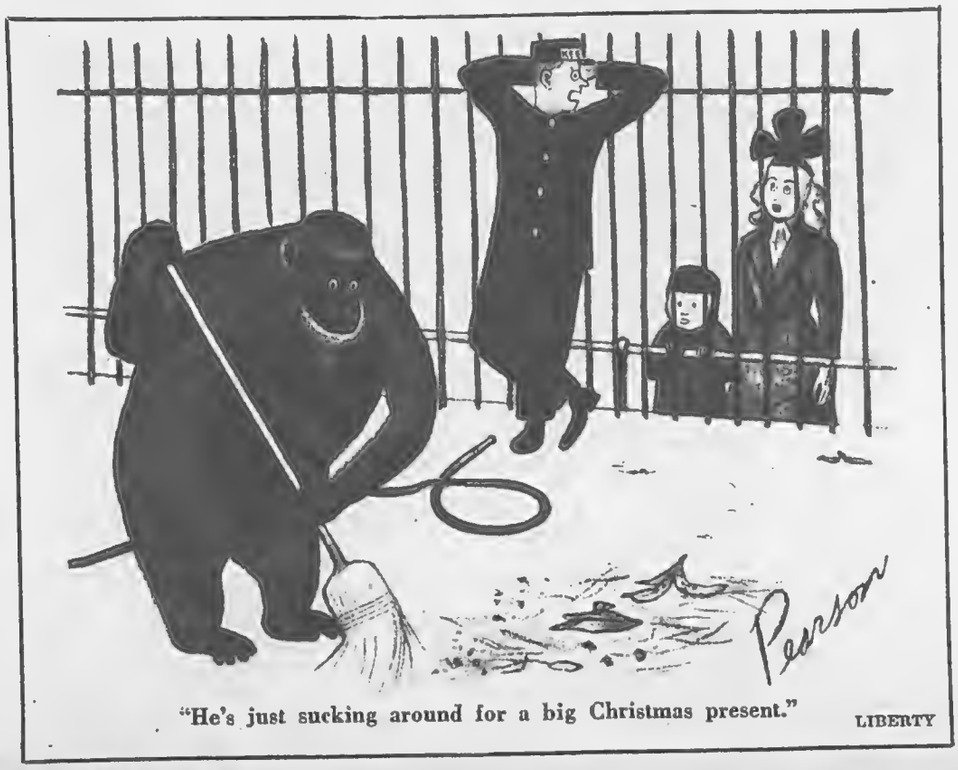
Ernenek wanted to travel to the trading post right away. But here Asiak opposed herself determinedly. And Ernenek knew of no way he could change a woman's mind. So he went fishing and sealing, although it was late for that, spearing listlessly a few trout and catching some baby seal which could be devoured in one sitting, and all the while he looked with scorn and ill humor upon his bow cut from a whale's rib and his horn-tipped harpoons.

When winter had grown dark, driving some of the game southward and some underground, when even Ernenek had to put on his hooded suit of caribou hide over his inner one of bird skin, and double the layer of fish grease on his face against the bite of sixty below, they abandoned the deeply frozen land and drove out to sea, where they built their tiny igloo on the ice which, owing to the underlying water, was warmer than the earth.

This was the time of rest and quiet housework, and Asiak hoped Ernenek would sleep his energy off. But he kept mumbling about the rifle, in his fitful dreams as well as in his waking hours, and even Asiak's usually placid face was at times furrowed with thought.

IN the dead of the night Asiak suddenly said, "Going on like this is a waste of time. We can barely sleep, nor do we have our mind on our work. Let's settle it by driving down to the trading post. Ittimangnerk said it's only fifty days away, if we travel fast. Papik is big now, almost two years, and a little winter trip won't hurt him."

Swift as an accident Ernenek was on his feet. Feverishly he began inspecting the lashings of his team, unburied the sled and iced its whalebone runners. Asiak packed the household utensils and provisions into wooden cases and wrapped the cases in musk-ox hides and tied the hides with sealskin straps, leaving nothing



"He's just sucking around for a big Christmas present." LIBERTY

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IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

Cream-Oil Charlie says: TUNE IN! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday on entire CBS Network.

"Gracious, I forgot about you, Hilda! I simply can't get used to having a maid again!"
LIBERTY

behind but the food scraps on the floor.

The famished Huskies, once their drowziness was gone, began battling furiously and the team leader had to charge them to bring them in line. Like their masters, they could devour daily their own weight in flesh, spreading like bloated bladders, just as they could go without food for days. Ernenek slaughtered the only four puppies that the dogs hadn't devoured as yet and carried them along as fodder for the team. Little Papik joined in the general excitement, stamping about pigeon-toed in his boots of baby seal, until finally they were off.

Ittimangnerk couldn't have described the route more clearly. "You cross the great seal bay and pass two islands and follow the land to your left to a narrow channel. Pass the channel and follow the coast line to the right till you come to a long range of bluffs. There keep your eyes peeled for the river opening. The trading post is up the fourth river, at the second bend, right on the bank. You can't miss it."

They moved rapidly over the ice-paved ocean. The cold was acute but it couldn't cut through the riders' double clothing and the double coat the Huskies had grown in the fall. But the wind of the ride hardened the mixture of soot and blubber on their faces almost to a crust, and their eyes and steaming noses were rimmed with rime. When Ernenek spat, the spittle froze in midair and clicked on the ground. Papik, bundled against his mother's back, felt the warmth of her pelt on his face and slept soundly.

When they felt the frost enter their bones from long immobility, they jumped off the sled and raced after it till they were warm. They took naps on the ride, but when the team showed signs of fatigue, stumbling and entangling their lashings, Ernenek flung the sled anchor overboard and called a halt. The dogs dropped where they had stopped. There was not enough snow to bury themselves in for warmth, the winter season being too cold for snowfall, so they huddled together and soon were nothing but a motionless heap of hoarfrost. It took many kicks and blows to make them look alive again. Before the journey was resumed, Ernenek hacked off some frozen meat and fish with his flint ax and the Huskies noisily gulped the flying chips. The family ate on the ride and scooped handfuls of snow powder when they were thirsty.

MOSTLY the sky was cloudless, and the top of the world was filled with starlight and the scent of ozone. The coast line, which they never left out of sight, was clear against the sky, and the easy swells of the ocean and the jagged islands of pack ice cast deep blue shadows on the pearly landscape. Sometimes they could hear the ice crack in its perpetual uneasy movement, and then they kept their eyes wide open, ready to halt the dogs. Only once were they stopped by a long crevasse. It had just formed, for they could hear the waters beat against the sheer ice walls ten or twelve feet below, and they had to follow it for a long way before they could cross.

When a blizzard rose howling, filling the air with blinding ice dust and sweeping the roof of the world clear of all that moved and much that didn't, they halted and hastily built an igloo. With the jawbone of a Greenland shark Ernenek sawed out blocks of ice from underfoot and heaved them to a circular wall around himself, working rapidly but taking care not to break into a sweat. Asiak packed the chinks tightly with

ice powder from outside—till the little shell stood safely encrusted in the ice, barely emerging from the surface of the ocean, spherical, to give scant hold to the storm.

Whatever was not needed inside was buried. Asiak set up the lamp of hollowed soapstone and lit the wick emerging from the frozen blubber, and soon the low vaulting walls began glittering with the ripe apricot flame floating in the melting grease. For a drying rack she stuck two poles in the walls over the lamp, flung the wet garments on them, and covered the snow couch with hides. By now Ernenek had fed the team and sealed the entrance. They gnawed at frozen fish and munched some snow, then crept into their reindeer bags.

Asiak was always the first to wake up in the gray mist that formed after the lamp had gone out. Without leaving the couch, she brewed tea, took the dried garments from the rack and scraped and chewed them back into softness. Then she woke Ernenek before the tea froze.

THE snow on the ground increased as they moved southward and it grew warmer. Shortly before reaching the trading post, Ernenek stripped to the waist and rode bare-chested for two days in the unbearably hot temperature of fifteen below.

They stopped in awe, to behold the white man's post from a distance before entering it. Ittimangnerk hadn't exaggerated in describing it as the most wonderful thing they were ever likely to see. Its size! Its shape! Its exterior majesty! And its interior beauty!

It was a one-room, thirty-by-forty-foot cabin of smoke-blackened logs with tiny soot-encrusted windows. Along the walls were lines of ship bunks, one above the other, and there was a counter, several cases, and shelves, a small frame partition, a stove and, as if that weren't enough, a table and several chairs, everything glaringly illuminated by a kerosene burner.

And the number of people that crowded the place! An even twenty, as Asiak established after an accurate count; about as many as she had ever seen in all her life. And their speech! It was sprinkled with Danish and also some English and French words, and was almost impossible to understand. Many grinned admiringly at Asiak and she giggled back, embarrassed.

The white man who came out from behind the partition was remarkable on many counts: his hideousness, his tallness, his gait, his impractical clothes, his hard-leather boots and, more than anything else, the red beard hanging from his narrow unsmiling face. Eskimos were in the habit of pulling out what little hair grew on their chins and few raised reluctant mustaches.

"I thought he'd be white as snow," Asiak whispered, disappointed, "after all that talk of the *white* man. He's darker than we are if we take the soot off our faces."

"Ittimangnerk sent me to you," Ernenek told the white man. "I have a hundred fox skins and I want a rifle."

The white man called, "Undik!" and a white-haired Eskimo approached, rolling like a bear on his bow legs. He wore native sealskin boots and trousers and an outlandish corduroy jacket.

"You say it to me," Undik said. "The white man can't talk the language."

Ernenek and Asiak looked at each other and burst out laughing. After a while of this, the white man grew impatient and stamped his foot, and Undik said sharply, "What is it you want? It seems you mentioned Ittimangnerk."

"Yes," Ernenek said, trying to repress his laughter, and stated the reason for his visit.

"Get your skins," Undik said. "We'll have a look at them."

Everyone crowded close as Ernenek opened the bundles of skins on the floor. The white man inspected each skin, and at the end he spoke.

JACK MOVED RIGHT IN WHEN...
WANT TO GO SAILING AFTER WORK, JACK? I'M TAKING THE BAKER TWINS OUT
SURE THING. SOUNDS SWELL
WE'RE GOING HOME AND CLEAN UP FIRST, AREN'T WE?
WHY WASTE THE TIME? LOTS OF WATER IN THE LAKE
SAY, I OUGHT TO SHAVE
DON'T WORRY. I'LL LEND YOU MY GILLETTE WHEN WE GET ABOARD
OPEN UP THE PORTS WHILE I TAKE OFF THE SAIL COVERS... THEN WE'LL HAVE A SWIM AND SHAVE BEFORE THE GIRLS GET HERE
GEE! SOME BLADE. SLICKEST SHAVE I EVER HAD...AND THE QUICKEST, TOO
EVERYBODY LIKES THIN GILLETTES ...AND THEY REALLY LAST
GIVE ME THE GROCERIES AND STEP ABOARD, GIRLS
UUMMMM... PRETTY SMOOTH
NO ONE WOULD THINK YOU'D BEEN WORKING HARD ALL DAY
FOUR BELLS... AND ALL'S WELL
YOU ALWAYS GET COMFORTABLE, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES WITH A THIN GILLETTE. THIS LOW-PRICE BLADE IS PLENTY SHARP AND LONG-LASTING. ALSO, IT FITS YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY AND PROTECTS YOU FROM THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. FOR SHAVING SPEED AND EASE AT A SAVING USE THIN GILLETTES
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4 for 10¢

"We represent the bakers of your State, Senator."

LIBERTY

"He says they aren't what he wanted," Undik translated, "but he'll let you have a rifle anyway."

The white man went behind the partition and returned with a rifle, the grandfather of the one Ittimangnerk had so efficaciously demonstrated to Ernenek.

"If you want bullets you must bring more skins," Undik said. "You get one bullet now to show that the rifle works, if you take it outside."

Ernenek hastened to the door with his loaded rifle, banged away into the night, and turned around beaming. "It makes even more noise than the other," he said to Asiak.

"Now you can rest here if you are tired," Undik told them.

They didn't feel like resting. There were too many goings-on in this fabulous place and they couldn't miss a single one. Little Papik also was all eyes and ears, but he was shy and clung to his mother's trousers.

The men in this place ate strange foods off the stove, and drank their tea steaming hot. Not only their way of eating but everything they had and did was intriguing. They had knives of gleaming metal that cut hard meat as if it were blubber, and the advantage of this was obvious. But the tobacco they smoked, the games of cards they played, all the things they had acquired from the white man remained mysterious, and their sense was not evident after one lesson, although the men did their best to illuminate the unsophisticated couple from the north, just as they took great pains to explain the workings of trade, what a sale and a trade and a bargain were.

Many drank a brown liquid from glass bottles and, since it was the first time Ernenek had seen glass, he touched a bottle, and its owner grinned and asked, "Do you want to try?"

If Ernenek had taken but a sip and not a huge gulp, it wouldn't have hit him so hard; but then he wouldn't have been Ernenek. He could swallow chewed fishbones without harm, but the draft from that bottle went like a rifle shot down his throat. He coughed and spat, while his face turned crimson and his eyes watered, and the cabin rocked with the laughter of the men. Ernenek thought a joke had been played on him and tried to laugh it off, though he thought it a stupid joke.

"You'll get accustomed to it," said the owner of the bottle. "And then you'll like it. It doesn't taste good but it keeps you warm."

"I am too warm as it is," Ernenek said. But no one seemed to feel as he did, although the room was so hot it was a wonder the ice in the water bucket didn't melt.

The white man retired behind his partition and Undik announced that it was time to turn the light out. Ernenek and Asiak were invited to try the bunks. Asiak accepted, but Ernenek, chary of new jokes, preferred stretching out on the floor. The chinks of the blazing stove were the only thing visible in the dark. Outside, the gale howled and the cabin rocked.

ASIAK was wide awake. The air was stuffy and she was giddy with the crowd of people and the host of experiences. She pressed Papik tightly against her bosom, rubbed her nose against his and snuffed at him. She felt alien and lonely.

"Ernenek," she suddenly called, "are you awake?"

"Yes," Ernenek answered from the floor.

"There is something wrong."

"What?"

"Something is wrong with the white man. Why does he give all those valuable things away for worthless fox skins? And doesn't he know that it is better fighting the cold with ice than with fire, that an igloo is quicker to build and easier to keep warm than this huge place? He must walk to whatever he needs, instead of just reaching out for it in the dark, and sometimes he doesn't find what he's looking for despite the glaring light. He may have a lot of rifles, but I doubt if they are any good for killing game, or why would he eat those ill-looking things out of iron boxes? And why does he drink that stuff that burnt your throat and teach the others to drink it? If he's stupid, we shouldn't take those things from him; and if he's crazy, then I won't have anything to do with him. I want to leave this place and never come back."

"But I must come back," Ernenek said. "To bring the skins to get my bullets."

By now all snoring had ceased and everyone was listening in with great delight.

"Very well," Asiak said grimly, climbing out of her bunk. "You can get your bullets and I'll find myself another man. There are more men than good women."

She stumbled over the furniture in the dark and stepped on somebody's nose. That couldn't happen in an igloo, she thought, trying to locate her outer suit. She put Papik on the floor and he awoke squalling. She found her suit and put it on, tucked her trousers into her boots, and stuck her son into her back pocket, which made him quiet down. She worked her way to the door and opened it, letting in an icy squall.

"I know how to spear trout and skin game and sew with small stitches, and make the finest needles, and can do a lot of little things to make a man feel comfortable," she announced to the room, and turned around and waddled pigeon-toed into the night.

Asiak had difficulty in finding the team among the many huddled in hoarfrost. Bending against the gale and swaying to its gusts she began setting up the sled.

FROM the cabin a man came up to her.

"I can do with a woman," he said, shouting against the wind. "Since the one I had disappeared in the ice last winter, I know a woman is more necessary than a team of Huskies. I don't care if I never come back to the trading post."

"Are you a good hunter?" asked Asiak, trying to pierce the night. "And have you still all your teeth?"

The stranger chuckled. "Such a good hunter am I that I not only got myself a rifle," he said, waving it before Asiak's face, "but also enough bullets for a lifetime. And I have all my teeth except two."

Someone else was approaching, and Asiak made out Ernenek's frame and gait.

"I'll go with you if you hurry," Asiak said to the stranger, raising her voice. "So I can leave this sled to my man, who'll need it badly. He'll have to travel far to find another good wife. I am only taking my sewing needles and Papik, to make a better man of him than his father is."

Ernenek was standing close by. "Go away," he angrily told the stranger.

"You heard the woman," the man said. "Get out of my way."

Ernenek had been unable to find his snow knife in the dark cabin and was unarmed. He moved in with his fists balled. The man chuckled. He lowered his rifle, holding it like a spear, put the barrel against Ernenek's chest and fired.

Most of that weapon's value was in the smoke it made. Asiak saw Ernenek sprawling in the snow, and the stranger doubled over from the rifle's back kick in his stomach.

In a frenzy of anger she snatched the rifle out of the man's hands and smashed it again and again over his head. The man ran off, whimpering. Then she knelt by Ernenek.

A shaft of light came from the cabin and all the teams, aroused by the shot, barked or howled. The white man, followed by the Eskimos, came hurrying to the scene, carrying a lamp and cursing angrily. The shot had burnt a hole in Ernenek's jacket and the bullet stuck deep in his collarbone. This time he winced and groaned as Asiak probed the wound with the point of her snow knife.

"It can stay in if you can move your arm," Asiak said, and having made sure that he could, she added, "At least from now on you can always say you have a bullet."

Ernenek was on his feet again, a trifle shaky, and grinning sheepishly with his discomfiture.

"Get my man's outer suit," Asiak

"Don't count so fast!"
LIBERTY

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LITTLE FOOT
ESSURE
ith only light pedal
ontrol your car surely and
smoothly when your brakes are lined with
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said to the Eskimos. "We are leaving."

"I am Ernenek," Ernenek said. "I am not the one you want to leave with."

"Well," said Asiak, "the other man ran away. One is as bad as another."

There were cheers and grins and laughs from the circle of men at the sight of the small family on top of the sled.

Old Undik patted Ernenek's shoulder. "Go back where you belong, man, and stay there."

The Huskies pulled, howling, and the sled started with a jerk.

THEY had not gone far when Ernenek called a halt and turned to Asiak. "I forgot my rifle," he said.

"I broke the one belonging to that man and asked Undik to give him yours. But if I must eat fox meat again for a whole summer so that you can get another rifle, we had better get yours back right now."

Ernenek thought it over and shook his head. "The rifle is no good. One could never kill anything with it."

"I knew that all the time," Asiak said. "Now let us put some more distance between us and the trading post and then stop and build an igloo. We haven't slept a week all night."

"We gave our fox skins and didn't get the rifle," Ernenek said. "It was a great trade," he added, with sarcasm.

"It was a bargain," said Asiak.

Ernenek shouted and cracked his whip. The dogs barked and strained, spreading fanwise, blowing quick white plumes of steam from their noses. Frosty black clouds raced overhead, coming from where the sled was going—where men and animals eat their meat raw and crawl under the ice for warmth—the roof of the earth, the top of the world.

THE END

—"Hurt a bit, did it, Doc?"

TIME and effort can be saved if you apply for that terminal leave pay in the right way. There is more to the procedure than you may have realized.

If you have at any time since September 8, 1939, served in the Armed Forces as an enlisted man or woman, then you become eligible for unused leave on the same basis as officers and will be paid in cash and bonds for all leave accrued up to the maximum of 120 days. Pay rate at time of last discharge will apply. Veterans will have until September 1, 1947, to file their applications.

Principal payment will be in five-year government bonds receiving interest at 2½ per cent. The claim will be paid in cash where it totals less than $50 or where last discharge was prior to 1943. The bonds may not be pledged as collateral or otherwise used in financial operations of any type except for payment of premiums, loans, or conversion on government or National Service Life Insurance.

Interest and date of maturity of bonds will be determined by date of discharge and not by date of application or issuance of the bonds. In other words, if you have been out of the army two years, your bonds will mature within the next three years.

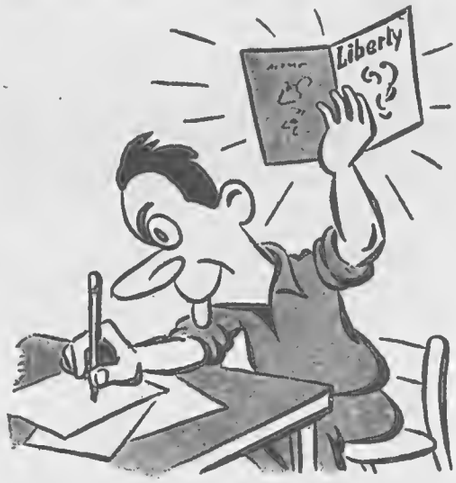
Application forms entitled Claims for Settlement of Unused Leave are obtainable at post offices and U. S. Army Recruiting Stations. Be careful to follow the instruction sheet—making sure that all blanks are filled, that you state number of days' furlough or leave taken, and that the form is notarized correctly.

Forms should then be mailed together with discharge certificate or photostatic copies of *both sides* to the paying office designated. Photostats need not be full size of discharge papers, but must be large enough to be legible. Miniatures and wallet-size photostats will not be accepted. In naval cases where the separation data comes separate, a photostat of the *Navy separation form* must be included. Those who have lost their discharge certificates must obtain a *Certificate in Lieu of Lost Discharge* from the personnel branches of their former service.

Furlough time, according to army practice, includes *delays en route, retirement* furloughs, and *overseas, rotational* and *emergency* leaves or furloughs. These must be counted as time used.

Travel time when specifically authorized does not count against furlough time, nor does *sick, convalescent, or rehabilitation* leave authorized or recommended by a medical officer.

There's much confusion as to *recuperation furloughs* which were granted to men with at least six months' overseas service. These men, where possible, were granted 30 days' *temporary duty*. An extension of 15 days was authorized in many cases due to crowded conditions at separation centers in this country. None of that time, whether



Guiding light

30 days or 45 days, is chargeable against furlough, since it was designated specifically as *temporary duty*.

According to the Army Times, the War Department has changed its first "off-the-cuff" information on the status of *re-enlistment furloughs*. The latest ruling is that such inducements for re-enlistments are now being deducted from furlough time.

Next-of-kin of veterans who have died since leaving service or have been declared incompetent may file for them. Application procedure in these cases will be the same except that documentary evidence of relationship must accompany the application.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

DESIGN FOR LOVE

Continued from Page 29

resting for an hour and ten minutes.

The two cans of Vienna lunch sausage had been hitting him in the back, so he'd taken them out of his rucksack and thrown them away. He grinned, "You took that hole, Betty Lou."

"But you'll take the next one," I promised. You know, the old finesse. Lead to their ego.

"What would your sister have done on that talus slope?"

"She'd have just about crawled," I had to admit, "on her dainty little hands and knees."

"She's not the superb specimen you are, is she, Betty Lou?" His eyes, the way they searched me, were terribly candid in a pleasant sort of way. But could I help it if rolled jeans and a ripped shirt kind of showed up my statistics? They've been published in the swimming-meet programs anyhow.

"Janey," I said, wanting to prove my magnan—my squareness, "does all right in her field."

The Tuolumne River was breast-high and race-horse fast. Straight out of the icebox. Curt wanted to take his boots and socks off and wade barefooted. I warned him not to. He laughed and did it anyway. We started across and he held his boots above his head. He stepped on a stone that hurt. He went under.

"My mother would like to borrow some electricity."

LIBERTY

I had to let him flounder, because the important thing was to watch for his boots. When they floated past, I grabbed them and threw them ashore. Did I tell you that water polo is one of my specialties? He wasn't laughing when he got ashore, regained his wind, and realized he'd let his shoes go. When I handed them to him, he said, "Betty Lou, I'm really beginning to appreciate you."

That's what we were there for, wasn't it?

We climbed into barren country again. We made fifteen hundred feet up over that glaciated granite and it was like climbing the roof of a cathedral. The sun wasn't fooling, up there above timber line. Curt got really hot. He threw away his rucksack before I could grab it. Down the whole fifteen hundred feet it rolled, and into the river.

I managed to reach the top first and looked down. "Wait a minute," I said.

I went along the crest to the east, then to the west. Everywhere for at least a mile it was the same: swoops and more swoops, all vertical, making a total drop of about eight hundred feet.

Curt was kneeling at the edge and staring down when I rejoined him. He said, "Holy smoke!"

I said lightly, because in mountaineering the idea is to keep up your partner's spirits, "Oh, well, a few bunkers are what make a game snappy." I was really rather pleased. Now he was going to see me at one of my better skills. I could have taken him on a long swing to the left and walked him right down, but that would have spoiled the show.

I told him, "I'll tee off. When I call 'Come,' you must turn around and face the cliff. I'll tell you where to place your feet."

You'll enjoy Lansdowne
The Old Fashioned Blended Whiskey
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Fortunately he could see only a few steps down. Then the cranny took a twist. I wedged knee and hip in the cleft and gave him the butts of my hands to stand on, and sometimes my shoulder. Hurt? Of course it hurt. I laughed brightly.

"Now this way." I led him out on a traverse.

It was a good sound ledge, bootsole-wide. Only one fissure had to be jumped. I showed him how to land with his hands against the wall. The ledge ended at a snag of rock that looked like a molar tooth.

Curt glanced down. He'd been managing to wisecrack. Even Pop would say there was nothing wrong with this guy. He was taking it. "Hooray! I see grass just below. Smooth as a putting green!"

I slipped my rucksack off and drew out Pop's alpine rope.

Curt's grin froze just a little.

I explained: "I'll snub around this fang for support and I'll belay you. Pass this rope up your back, over your left shoulder, down your chest, over your right hip, and up between your legs. Then grasp it with both hands and lean out and walk right down the cliff. All right, pal—it's your honor."

"Holy cats!" He searched for some other way down. There wasn't any. His voice was about an octave higher when he spoke again. "After I make it to the next ledge—always supposing, you know—how will you come down?"

"I'll rappel. Think nothing of it." Valiancy, that was me. I mean I.

"O.K., Betty Lou. A day with you is quite something, isn't it?" So would a lifetime be too, you dope, I wanted to reply. He trussed himself up and tried the rope. I braced. He gave me a beautiful smile. Have I said he has gorgeous teeth?

I warned him again to lean out. But he didn't. He simply couldn't bring himself to lie on his back on thin air. The rope slid up under his knee and there he went, one foot scraping the cliff and one leg waving high. I lowered him like a sack. When he hollered, "Send down the next lot, the one with grace and beauty in it," I doubled the rope around the snag and got into it and stepped off. At the halfway point I dropped the rope to Curt and squirreled the rest of the way.

When I plopped beside him, he kissed me. "Betty Lou! Betty Diana Venus Lou!" Well, that was what we were there for too, wasn't it? For the minute I didn't begrudge Janey my artichoke sweater or my beads a bit. Or my perfume. She'd earned them. Then he said hoarsely, "Betty Lou Angel, I have something I must tell you. Can you stand hearing it now?" What girl couldn't? I decided Janey could have my newest hat. "Betty Lou darling, that green stuff down there isn't grass. Those are hundred-foot pine trees!"

I made it plain to the big lug that I'd known it all the time.

Three hours later he pitched himself to the good brown earth under those trees and scooped their needles to his breast and smelled them and all but ate them. "Ground!" he gasped, embracing big armfuls of it. "Blessed level ground!"

I let him kiss me again. It, too, seemed to revive him wonderfully. Anyway, why should a blond god like Curtis Seeger waste his time on pine cones and last year's bird nests? "Why on earth," I asked, "hug earth?"

WHAT brought us to our feet was that rattler. It was under a fallen tree. Our backs were against the tree when it buzzed. We certainly got up fast.

Curt grabbed a stick. He climbed up on the prone trunk and tried to stab downward. He slipped and landed on his back in the dry branches. He yelled, because every poke of the twigs probably felt like a snake bite. I managed to get Mr. Rattler with a forked pole and finished him off.

"Holy socks!" said Curt when he scrambled out. "What a python!"

It did have fourteen rattles.

Curt rested some more, very gingerly, and I repacked my rucksack. I began to notice a change of the sky to southward.

"Clouds!" said Curt. "Now it'll be cooler."

I didn't tell him what I was thinking, but my heart did a handstand.

We crossed another massive ridge and dropped into our third canyon. In front of us Sun-dance Creek came charging down the long granite slope. Its source was our lake, still many miles ahead.

"Gosh, am I hungry!" realized Curt.

I was hungry too. But I decided we'd better not stop and fish.

We shared the two ounces of chocolate and chipped beef that were in my rucksack and I also ate some wild gooseberries, though when Curt tried them his tongue filled with needles. "Gosh, Betty Lou," he marveled, "how can you stand them?"

I had needles in my tongue too, but made nothing of it. Hadn't I laid out this day to show him an iron woman?

Those morsels were only an appetizer. Curt groaned, "Remember those cans of Vienna sausage I threw away?"

That settled it. Maybe we should have been pressing on, but when you're hungry you're hungry. I had line, leader, and a fly in my shirt pocket. Sun-dance Creek was the very home of trout. I cut a willow stick and whacked its leaves off. Curt was all admiration. I gave him the rig. A big one struck and made off with our Royal Coachman, our only fly. All it left was the hook.

"No fish for lunch, Betty Lou." Curt was sad.

I wasn't sad, though. This was working out just right.

Squashy raindrops began to fall.

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LIBERTY

Curt yelled, "They're big as two-bit pieces!"

I whistled cheerfully. You know, the old morale. I shrugged into my rucksack and started on. I decided not to tell him what I foresaw. He might think of some way out of it. As a matter of fact, we were within a few miles of the trail, which veered toward us at this point before veering away again. There were Angels and Klosters and mules and baggage all over that trail. But I meant Curt to see intrepid womanhood in action and no interference. I led him resolutely up beside the foaming creek.

THE rain really pelted. Blissfully I considered our lack of resources. No shelter. No blankets. No food, at least to speak of. It was going to be a wild, cold night. I sang, and I meant it. This was going to be a demonstration of my finest qualities. Triumphant over difficulties, self-reliant, dauntless—the outdoor girl supreme. I'd be her—she. Curt stumbled on the wet slick rock. He took a hard one.

"Are you hurt?"

"Not much. Just my spine's about two inches up through my hat."

A little later Curt said, "Betty Lou, want to know something interesting? You and I are going to be out here all night."

"I was debating how to break it to you."

He stumbled again and got up swearing. "In that case, what are we still pushing on for?"

"Watch for the first dead juniper and we'll make a fire."

A sheet of lightning lit up the whole mountain. We saw our tree on a headland and made for it. More flashes. The general sound was a lot of tanks moving through the sky. We gained the tree and I set Curt to gouging dry wood. While he blew his fire, I went out into the darkness and fixed supper. I pulled a hot rock from the coals, placed the meat on it, and pretty soon we feasted. Smoky but good.

"Betty Lou, this meal's absolutely delectable."

"Is that something all right?"

"It means super, and that goes for you. Please accept my profound thanks for being here, for being here this minute, and for being nobody but you, you, the incredible one and only you."

My heart did a flying mare.

"Who but you would have thought of bringing shredded chicken into the mountains and cooking it without a pot?"

I hadn't brought shredded chicken, if there is such a thing. I'd taken that diamondback from my rucksack and skinned it. This I explained.

Curt choked, which was silly. "You mean I've been eating snake?" A few minutes later, though, he polished off what was left. He gripped my hand while he did it.

The bonfire drove the rain upward. We were soon dry, all but our boots and socks. Curt pulled his boots off and set them near the heat. I made him take them away the instant I noticed. Wet leather chars before you know it. He laced them on again.

WE sat before our splendid fire and sang. Nothing keeps up spirits in the rain like a fire and a song. We sang Three Blind Mice and Old Macdonald, and Roll, Roll, Roll. Finally we grew sleepy. We stretched out with the blaze between us. Curt was the perfect gentleman. I didn't have to slug him once.

That tough old juniper tree had been growing for maybe a thousand years, and standing dead for a thousand more, just to keep us warm one night. Toward daybreak, when the mountain chill reached for us like ice picks, we froze on one side while

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the other roasted. The stones grew pretty hard.

Daylight came. I felt frowzy, sooty. There was a cure for that. I took Curt's bandanna and mine and went to the stream and peeled off behind a boulder and made trunks and a halter and slipped in.

I guess I yelled; it was that kind of stream. Curt came running. He thought I'd fallen in. When he saw how I was enjoying the dip—which I wasn't, not absolutely—he cried, "Are you always like this, Betty Lou? Full of vim so early?" I sang at the top of my lungs. When I couldn't bear the torrent another instant, I made him go away and stand with his back to me, looking at the morning star, while I dried on my shirt, and dressed.

THE bath really built me up. There'd been moments when I'd secretly fretted on this trip. About cliffs. About food. For some reason, even about Janey. She'd looked darn cute when Curt stuck her in that tree. But fresh from my plunge, I hadn't a worry in the world. I felt full of whammy.

I said, "Now I'll look at the morning star while you dip." Curt started to object, but I was already looking at the morning star and I suppose he felt he had to step in. He must have come out in a terrible hurry, because in no time at all he was beside me, kind of wet but dressed and full of whizzo, and spinning me around and yelling, "I'm Pan! I'm Pan!" I had to begin dodging, after a couple of those king-size kisses. "Onward, the last four miles!" I cheered.

It wasn't even raining. The mountains were beautiful. The day was beautiful. I was pretty sure I was beautiful; anyway I felt so, and I know darn well Curtis Seeger was.

We hadn't gone fifty steps when he whooped "Ouch!" and sat down. The soles of his boots had dropped completely off.

"They steamed too long last night!" I scolded.

"What do I do now?"

He certainly was helpless. Pop himself would have approved of the way I met this crisis. I opened my rucksack and took out the snake skin, which I'd saved for a belt. I cut it in half and made soles four layers thick. Pop came in from a trip on bacon rind once, so there's always a way. If the snake skin hadn't worked, we could have cut up the rucksack, or a hat.

Curt tried his new soles, stomped about on them and grinned. "Betty Lou the Unbeatable! What a pal you'd make for—er—all the journeys of this kind a man might take. You're indomitable!"

"Is that something good?"

"It's great!"

My heart did a kip and a giant swing.

"How about one more miracle, indomitable Diana? How about producing us a breakfast?"

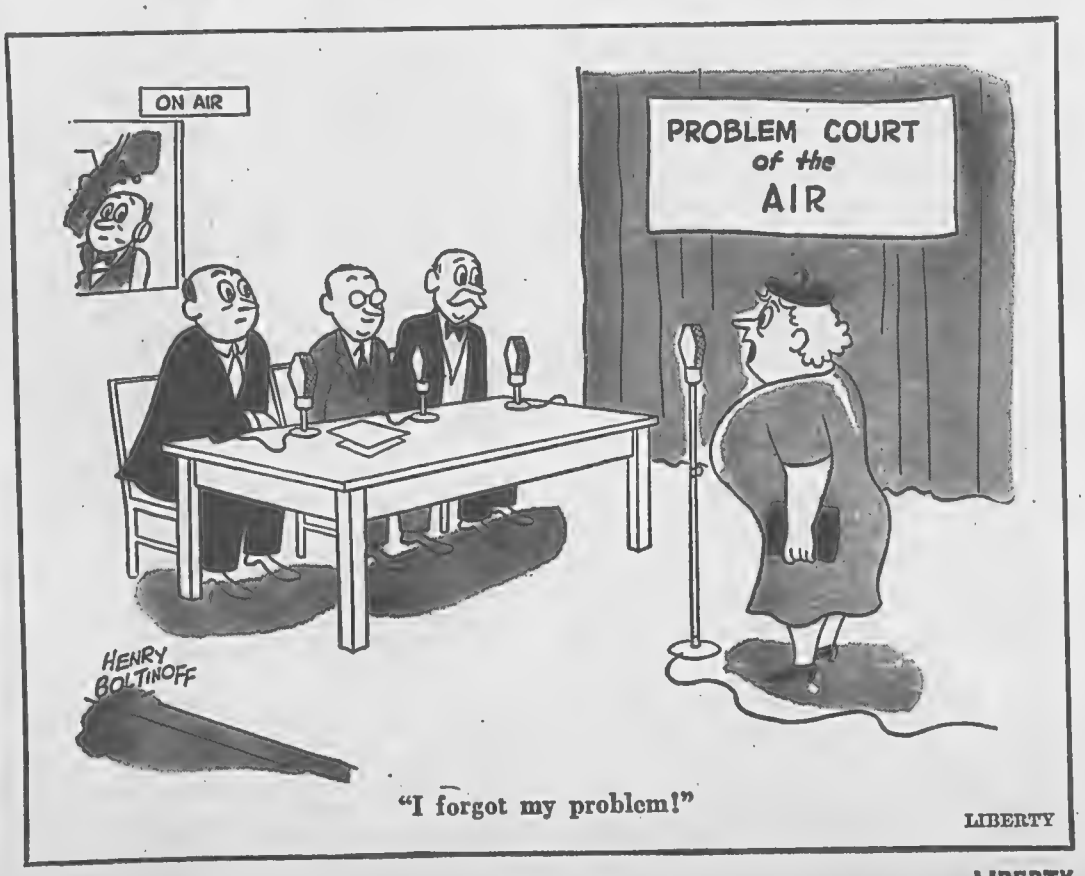
"I might," I replied serenely.

WE reached the outlet of Sundance Lake as the sun turned Mount Berendsen and Mount Rieger rosy. Camp and family were three miles onward, around the craggy shore. We had that line, and flyless hook. I felt under the water's edge. Hellgrammites by the thousand. I broke some grubs from the shells. "Salmon flies," I explained. We baited the hook and cast into the outlet and had eight trout in a jiffy. We built a fire and baked them on a clean stone. Curt's eyes never left me as we ate.

"Betty Lou Angel, when I get around to it, I'd like to have you for a rather close relative."

My heart did a swan dive, a jackknife, and a two-and-a-half.

Nobody was up when we got to



"I forgot my problem!"

LIBERTY

" . . . and how many lumps of sugar?"

LIBERTY

camp, except Pop. He'd been puttering since dawn, waiting for us. "I saw your fire last night. Glad you had the sense to stop and not risk broken necks in the dark." He had the pan full of bacon and eggs and didn't need to point out the coffee. "Curt, how did Betty Lou acquit herself?"

"She's a champion," said Curt. "It was a revelation!"

Janey showed she was awake by calling from her sleeping bag, "She ski-jumps too, Curt. And breaks horses. And runs rapids!"

"I guess all the girls in Nebraska do those things," I said, wanting to be modest. I knew Janey was fixing to demand exclusive use of the convertible for the whole college year to come, and move in on my nylons too.

EVERYONE else came to breakfast over the next half hour except Janey. She loafed in her sleeping bag. When I went near, she grabbed my ankle and made me bend down, and asked fiercely, "Was he a wolf or a droop?"

"Curtis Seeger," I informed her icily, "was a perfect gentleman."

"You mean I've been wasting my time?"

What in the world did she mean? Time is what Janey always wastes. Even so, what did she mean? I'd been the one with Curt.

She fell back on her pillow, remarking, "What a shame! He's so adorably handsome. And it's so much easier to battle down a wolf than to hump up a droop."

"Janey Angel," I exclaimed, "what are you talking about? Anyway, Mr. Curtis Seeger distinctly is no droop. I'll have you know he chased me —wildly—after we'd bathed. Separately, you silly—don't look at me like that! But he did. He howled and called himself Pan."

"Pan!" Janey sat straight up. "Discobolus. Pan. Why, Pan was the original wolf!" She yawned and stretched deliciously. "I think I'll get right up."

BUT, like always, she took an hour to do it. And when she finally showed up, she wouldn't lift a hand to help herself or do a thing. She behaved like a perfect princess. She had Curt waiting on her, and mom, and the Kloster boys, and even me. She just sat there in a pink Angora sweater with a pink ribbon in her pine-sap-colored hair and some of that fifteen-dollar perfume of mine giving off behind her ears. She pointed with her lacquered finger and played helpless, which she can do without half trying, but this time there was method to it. Curt, intrigued by the show she made of herself, kept glancing from her to me. I could see she was setting up her uselessness as a way of giving me the stage, so I went on cooking hot cakes for her and flipping them high in the air.

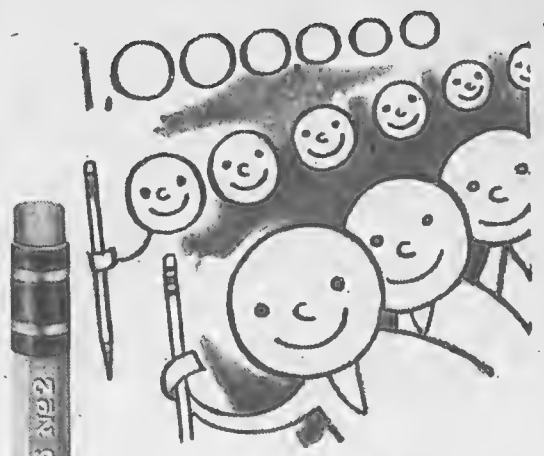
She whispered to me, "Do I get Aunt Etta's silverware?"

She has always wanted the tableware Aunt Etta once promised me. "All of it," I answered. "Just keep it up."

"Janey, Janey," reproved Curt after he'd run a dozenth errand for her—and he so tired he could have dropped—"how do you suppose you'd have faced up to the rugged going that Betty Lou and I took on yesterday and last night?"

Janey smiled and prinked at the ribbon in her hair. "Betty Lou can answer that."

"If I am acquainted with my little sister," I informed Curt, "and I think I am, she'll never in this life permit herself to be knocked out there into the rough in the first place."



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"Betty Lou is the big strong come-through girl of our family," sighed Janey. . . . "But you must really be all in now, dear," she added, turning to me. "Why don't you crawl into my bag and recuperate?"

"Who, me? Why, I'm in the pink!" And to prove that twenty-five mountain miles and a night out didn't mean a thing, I caught up a rod and started around the lake after Pop and the Klosters.

WHEN I came back after an hour, with a string of beauties, there was Janey in a tree and Curtis Seeger with strawberry lipstick all over his face. She jumped into his arms, then ran toward me, dragging him by the hand.

"Did you catch anything too?" she cried.

"Betty Lou, congratulate me!" whooped Curt. "I said I meant to have you for a close relative, and I've certainly got you. I'm going to spend the rest of my life keeping hardship away from little Janey. She's not built for it, like some girls. She and I are going to get married in the Stanford chapel the day I graduate!"

Which is why I ask you. And every time I think of it, which is day and night, I keep on asking. How did Janey, just by sitting on her hands, not lifting a finger but just sitting, manage to do that to me and Curt —I mean I and Curt? I'm boiling. Simply boiling. And I ask!

THE END

AWESOME ORSON

Continued from Page 16

cool reception in 1932. Producers brushed off the foreign conqueror. But with the help of Thornton Wilder and Alec Woollcott he finally wound up in Katharine Cornell's company in 1933.

At nineteen he married Virginia Nicholson, eighteen, a fellow actress and a Chicago heiress. They had a daughter, Christopher (so named because Orson wanted a boy). The marriage lasted until 1939.

While he was playing in Romeo and Juliet on Broadway, Welles discovered radio and one John Houseman, an ex-grain merchant, with whom he formed a partnership. Radio was a nice way for Orson to pick up as much as $1,000 a week to finance the Houseman-Welles ideas. So he became The Shadow, the Voice of Chocolate Pudding, the Great McCoy, and hundreds of actors anonymous.

When the depression forced the young Houseman-Welles combine into the WPA, the boys, operating from offices in the pink plush ladies' room of the Maxine Elliott Theater, and using the U. S. Treasury as an angel, put on an all-colored Macbeth in Harlem, starring Canada Lee. Embarrassingly, Macbeth made money for the government at a time when the idea was to spend it. So the boys

quickly ran off Horse Eats Hat and the brilliantly unsuccessful Dr. Faustus.

During the preparation of The Cradle Will Rock, Welles' first musical, the WPA got cold feet about the Federal Theater and canceled the production on opening day. Welles insisted he'd open nevertheless. The government sent men to smash the expensive neon-lit scenery and padlock the theater. Equity also chimed in, refusing permission for Welles' actors to appear on stage.

While a couple of musicians played and held the first-night audience on the sidewalk outside the padlocked theater, Welles hustled around and rented a theater. He herded everyone into it, and with the composer, Marc Blitzstein, at a piano on the bare stage, the show went on. The actors rose in various parts of the house, delivered their lines, or walked to the orchestra pit and sang. It was an instantaneous hit. Houseman & Welles immediately leased the Comedy Theater for five years, renaming it the Mercury after the magazine of the same name.

The Cradle Will Rock made no money. For one thing, the theater was too small. Things might have boomed, however, for in six months of 1934 the Mercury paid back 25 per cent of the $16,000 it had borrowed to produce Julius Caesar in modern dress, but Orson chose to revive some old Toddities that never paid off.

HE literally wallowed in publicity, and fame of a sort, on the evening of October 30, 1938—Halloween. He was doing an exceedingly realistic version of H. G. Wells' War of the Worlds on the Mercury Theater of the Air. It dealt with a mythical invasion of the earth by the Martians. Orson did it up so brown that hundreds of thousands of frightened citizens fled to the hills to escape the advancing Martians, who were supposed to have landed near Princeton, New Jersey.

Some time after the Martian episode he went to Hollywood with a contract that called for $150,000 a picture, to be selected, written, produced, directed, and acted in by Orson Welles—nobody to see the product till Orson got good and ready to show it. Hollywood rose in public wrath. When Orson gave a self-welcoming party, everybody stayed away. People even took full-page ads asking him to leave town.

He studied movies for a year, got so he could lecture his teachers on how to make them properly. Finally he made Citizen Kane, a million-dollar number that was supposed to have been the story of a certain ruthless American publisher. Pressure was brought to bear to keep the film from being made or shown. It played only key cities. Recently it opened in Paris, where its fine reception presages profits for it in the re-established foreign market.

Rejected for the Army for inverted flat feet, asthma, and a bunged-up sacroiliac, Orson invaded South America to make a good-will film. He returned with a million dollars' worth of technicolored stuff called It's All True. Orson swears it's wonderful, but RKO, which owns it, has kept it on ice.

As a further war effort, Orson, using about $40,000 of his own money, operated a Hollywood tent called The Wonder Show. He performed feats of magic. He sawed Rita Hayworth in two and wound up by marrying her. A daughter, Rebecca, was born of that union. The ex-Welles marital alumnae are very friendly. The two Welles daughters even play together.

Not all is glitter, glamor, and grease paint to Orson. There is his crusader side. Long ago he grew fascinated with another great actor and performer—Franklin D. Roosevelt. Last campaign he canceled $40,000 worth of radio commitments to stump for F. D. R. and later lost an equal amount in cancellations by irate sponsors.

Since trying a newspaper column called Orson Welles' Almanac, which was a flop, he has been content to run the world via a Sunday news radio commentary. His opinions are very much on the liberal side. But he doesn't like to be called a Communist, which he is not.

He admits his chief interest is himself, but laughs at gags which claim that he demands top billing over his shadow, and that every day at noon he removes his hat and observes a minute of silence for himself.

To speed him on his daily rounds in New York, he keeps an ambulance on call and pays fifteen dollars for a forty-five-cent ride. This has been going on ever since a taxi bearing him to Newark airport broke down and he had to thumb a ride on a garbage truck.

Naturally his income from his many activities varies. But his wants are few: he owes nothing, lives in rented establishments, and gives everything away. He no longer touches liquor because he found it added forty pounds a month to his svelte 200. He dotes on three-inch steaks (no potatoes), long-distance phoning, and flying. He takes his fifty-four-inch butler-valet-cook-and-spiritual-adviser, Shorty Cherillo, everywhere he goes.

FROM all appearances, even though Welles has a staff consisting of Shorty and a stenotypist and a business partner named Richard Wilson (a Mercury actor before he succeeded the departed Houseman), the Mercury Theater is a synonym for "I, Inc." The Great Man puts it this way:

"Anywhere I can get to a telephone—there is the Mercury Theater!"

Thus, when he shuttles to Chicago, Hollywood, or London, he can recruit a full company of loyal Mercury actors on a moment's notice. That's one feature of being a Mercuryite. You must be ready at any time to go on as Othello, raise a thousand dollars, press the Great White Master's buskin, or repair the theater plumbing!

Aside from Shorty Cherillo, no one apparently dares to say "No!" to Welles. There are those who feel this would have a healthy effect on what they term a badly inflated ego; but how are you going to say "No!" to a person to whom Hollywood, the government, and Rita Hayworth couldn't, and who sums himself up by saying, "I've never sold out, never done anything false deliberately!"?

THE END

"I warned you it was an unusual will!" LIBERTY

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Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

June Haver, Vivian Blaine, and Vera-Ellen are three pretty but predatory sisters who flee the skillet in this very pleasant turn-of-the-century musical.

Three Little Girls in Blue

THREE Little Girls in Blue is a pleasant period piece (*circa* 1902) nicely cluttered up with singable songs, well-filled petticoats, and much young love.

Playing a trio of gay, giggling sisters, June Haver, Vivian Blaine, and Vera-Ellen gold-dig their way, in Technicolor, from Atlantic City in its turn-of-the-century heyday to the Maryland fox-hunting country. Needless to say, they pass up the foxes and concentrate on some personable wolves.

The story, which peeks in unobtrusively from behind good musical numbers, begins when the girls get word they've inherited some money and decide to leave their chicken farm for greener pastures. Their idea—which isn't half so old-fashioned as their costumes—is to nab three rich husbands. But the windfall is only large enough for one of them—June—to travel in style, so Vivian poses as her personal secretary and Vera-Ellen as her maid.

The entourage checks in at Atlantic City, known in those dear dead days as the "millionaires' playground." Wanting to play, June charms a pair of presumably well-heeled lads, George Montgomery and Frank Latimore. Vivien nobly moons over Latimore and Vera-Ellen eats salt-water taffy with Charles Smith, an amiable wine steward.

The party moves to Maryland in time for Broadway's Celeste Holm to make an impressive movie debut as a comedienne and for the lovers to get happily paired off.

The film, which is song lyric writer Mack Gordon's debut as a producer, is fine entertainment because Gordon has dished up plenty of his specialty—cute, clever songs. Best of the bunch: Somewhere in the Night, On the Boardwalk, and Always a Lady, a number which gives Celeste a chance to show off her funny off-key squeak.

Baby-faced Vera-Ellen, an alumna of several Danny Kaye pictures, almost steals the sister act in a fantasy swing ballet in a surrealistic amusement park.

When all is said and sung, it's a merry and melodic movie.

Vera-Ellen pirouettes while dressing for a big date.

Nobody would guess it, but these young men wind up as brothers-in-law.

The pre-gold-digging pastoral Vivian.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER (United Artists). Here is a wonderful fantasy that features slick performances by Paul Muni, Claude Rains, and Anne Baxter.

THE JOLSON STORY (Columbia). A schmaltzy, spirited, and unforgettable tribute to one of our greatest entertainers, with Larry Parks playing Jolson.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE (20th Century-Fox). Peggy Ann Garner and some other youngsters make this an amusing adaptation of Craig Rice's comedy-mystery.

SISTER KENNY (RKO). An excellent film biography of the Australian nurse in which Rosalind Russell gives a performance of Academy Award caliber.

CLOAK AND DAGGER (Warner Bros.). Gary Cooper and talented Lilli Palmer (in her first American movie) dramatize O.S.S. operations in Italy.

THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO (M-G-M). A lavish Technicolored songfest starring Walter Pidgeon, José Iturbi, plus teen-agers Jane Powell and Roddy McDowall.

NOTORIOUS (RKO). Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant spy and sigh their way through Alfred Hitchcock's engrossing south-of-the-border thriller.

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

WONDER MAN: James J. Ingels of Chicago had a gold medal struck off and presented to his wife for driving 300,000 miles without an accident or a traffic ticket. Hearing of Mr. Ingels' unprecedented deed, the National Safety Council announced the formation of a national club of safe women drivers, to be known as "Wonder Wives." Mrs. Ingels was named the Number One charter member. Any wife may join who has driven 10,000 miles without an accident or traffic violation—if she can get her husband to sign a statement to that effect.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS: Never have I seen a more heterogeneous group than at the cocktail party given at a press preview of the new Joe Louis Restaurant, 11 West 125th Street, New York, the afternoon the new establishment opened. The heavyweight champion heads the organization owning and managing the half-million-dollar enterprise. The cocktail party was attended by sports writers, columnists, relatives, and friends of friends of friends of Mr. Louis. Tap dancer Bill Robinson made a speech. Jinx Falkenburg, Bob Ripley, and Eddie Eagan (chairman of the Boxing Commission) were also on hand. A striking background to the scene was a 100-foot mural whose vibrant colors blended as harmoniously as did the guests. Depicted in the mural were such celebrities as Marian Anderson, Paul Robeson, Bill Robinson, Dr. George Washington Carver, Booker T. Washington, and Hazel Scott. The only white man among those present on the walls was A. Lincoln. Joe Louis was his polite, laconic self when I wished him good luck and said I would be on my way before the doors opened to the public surging through the police lines outside. Mr. Louis has an apartment upstairs. The building is air-conditioned throughout; the kitchen is glamorous with stainless steel; there are refrigerating rooms in the basement; and a special room devoted to electric steam dish-washing equipment which sterilizes china, silverware, and glassware. The china is white and maroon with regal JL monogram. The menu features such mouth-watering items as broiled Maine live lobster, $2.50 up; lamb chops, $2; homemade pie, 50 cents.

HERO OF BIKINI: News item from Washington: "A modern Noah's Ark of 2,500 animals which survived two atomic-bomb tests at Bikini, including 'Pig 311' that swam cheerfully in the radioactive lagoon, will arrive here soon, and its medically precious cargo will be hustled off for detailed study at the Navy Medical Center. . . . Pig 311 survived, alone of all the animals. . . ."

Here's to stalwart 311
Who wouldn't go to Porkers' Heaven,
But registered cheer and relaxation
When he was exposed to radiation.

LOVE IN BLOOM: Isn't it a pity that the people we love the best can gripe us the most! My four-year-old is dearer to me than life itself, yet the little monkey can get my goat faster than anyone I know. And he dearly loves the drama of seeing Mommy fly off the handle. Patience is a virtue which I try to cultivate, even when he spins around my desk at high speed on his velocipede, scraping the corners and bumping my chair so the typewriter does a clog dance under my jittery fingers. I struggle to keep calm, knowing that he needs space in which to let off

steam, and it's not his fault that he hasn't got it. But there comes a point at which I either say, "You win, pal. Let's go out and I'll work tonight when you're asleep," or I spar for time to finish one more paragraph. Then's when he just can't quiet down, so Mom's hair stands on end, and does he love it! He knows just how to get the rise he wants, and he gets it, though I'm well aware that when I lose control of *myself*, I lose control of *him*. I glow with admiration for schoolteachers who can handle thirty little atomic bombs at a clip, year in and year out, and stay sane.

GETTING TOGETHER GETS HOUSES

Continued from Page 17

stead of five, providing an additional bedroom. All 200 could be completed by about the end of 1946. And the cost, roughly estimated at $6,500 to $7,500, would be agreed upon to the dollar before work began.

This sounded mighty good to the 200 house-hungry families. They met again a week later and voted to go ahead. They also voted for mutual home ownership, a pretty important matter in itself.

WHAT this amounts to is that when the veterans and their families move in next winter, they will *all* own *all* the houses. No one family will legally own any house.

They found substantial advantages:

Since the corporation would negotiate the mortgage for the whole project, members would not be individually liable for mortgages on their homes.

Members would pay rent to their co-operative at a rate of not more than $50 a month. It might be a lot less.

If a member should move away, he would get a refund based on shares of stock owned.

When the corporation's mortgage is paid off, rents will drop to just enough to cover taxes, insurance, and maintenance.

Each member has possession of his house for life. On his death the privilege would pass to his children.

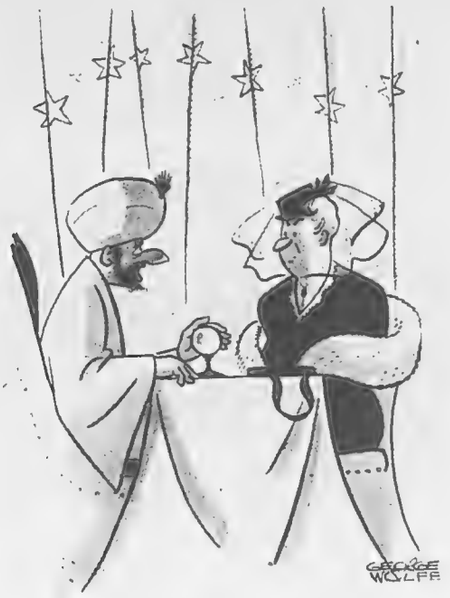
The corporation would take care of all maintenance, but members could also make any changes approved by their planning board.

Since the veterans would not be required to sign mortgages, they would not use up their G.I. Bill of Rights privileges. Nor would they be obligating themselves to live in the same house—and pay on the same mortgage—for the next twenty years.

What the New Brunswick veterans are getting is a full-fledged co-operative of the type known as Rochdale. They can keep it that way as long as they like. If the system does not work to their satisfaction, however, they can vote for individual ownership any time they want to.

In the face of tough building conditions, co-operative building is growing fast. But the system is not new. The general idea goes back to a century ago, when a group of weavers in Rochdale, England, met even tougher conditions in a like manner. With their hoarded shillings they started a store that was really a device for mass purchasing at a saving. Today there are consumer co-operatives in almost all lines.

It is true that none of the post-war housing co-operatives is yet an



"I'm in communication with your husband—he keeps saying *PHOOEY!*"
LIBERTY

accomplished fact, with completed houses ready to live in. Will they work out in practice? Can individualistic Americans work together long enough to build houses co-operatively and live in them harmoniously, as Swedes have been doing all along?

We can get an answer by moving a third of the way across the continent and looking in on a row of seven houses in a suburb north of Chicago. The houses stand in an attractively irregular row at the end of two traffic-free dead-end streets at Glenview, Illinois. No two are alike in shape or arrangement or setting, yet all have some similarity in design and materials. They are different, but they belong together.

THIS neighborhood is Redwood Village. It began, like all other co-operative projects, with conversation. In this case it began with talks among Evanston residents who were members of the North Shore Co-operative Society, banded together for group buying of groceries. This was in 1938.

Ten families united to buy land, subdivide it, and build on it. Three dropped out for financial reasons. The seven remaining chose an architect after inviting several to present their ideas. The man they chose is Paul Schweikher, a young modernist whose work is becoming better known all the time.

"The choice of an architect is not to be taken lightly," says Eugene Bowen, who lives in the house at the west end of the row. "And Schweikher proved to be ideal in every way. Some of us wanted modern, some colonial, some didn't know what they wanted. Paul listened patiently and then molded us together. We gave in all along the way and his personality and ideas carried us through."

It is worth noting that it was the families favoring colonial who gave in the most. The houses are all thoroughly modern in design, with window walls, open plans, unconventional roofs, plywood interiors. Their contemporary design is a characteristic they share with houses planned for most of the new co-operative developments.

This decision to "go modern" seems to follow the same course each time. Even the most traditional finally discover that permitting the architect to design for living without regard to ancient styles is the only way to get much house for present-day building dollars. Consequently, houses in most of the co-operative projects follow the same pattern of moderately modern as the houses shown in Liberty's monthly feature, Homes for Americans.

Schweikher chose the contractor, designed the houses, and generally supervised the operation. The members agreed to let him decide whose house should be in which location; in that way there was no room for ill feeling and each house could have the site best adapted to it.

Four years went by, from first planning to completion of the houses—a leisurely schedule more feasible then than now.

"June 1942," Mr. Bowen recalls, "found seven contented families living in a highly acceptable community—their own community in a very real sense. They had struggled hard to build their homes in a rising market. They had broken ground just three weeks before Pearl Harbor, building at a time when materials were very hard to obtain.

"There were times when they had serious doubts that the project would be finished. But finished it was, to the tremendous satisfaction of all."

One thing that stands out above the Glenview project is that the people involved had fun getting their homes. By all that's reasonable, building a home should be the happiest—as it certainly is the most expensive—venture that any family takes part in.

AT Glenview the end of construction was celebrated by a surprise party—put on not by the owners but by the carpenters. One evening shortly after the seven families had moved in, the carpenters and their families turned up with refreshments and musical instruments.

"The music, the speeches, and the square dancing that followed," says Mr. Bowen, "were a real testimonial that Co-operative Community was co-operative in fact as well as in name."

It seems likely, too, that this co-operative spirit had something to do with the very high quality of the workmanship visible in the houses.

These are not low-cost houses. They are generous, handsome homes that represent good value for the $9,000 to $12,000 they cost. Mr.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

Bowen estimates that they would have cost from $1,990 to $2,470 more *each* if singly built. Biggest saving was in co-operative purchase of land, a reduction in cost of $1,500 to $1,700 for each family—land comes high in this area. Other savings came from reduction in architect's fee and contractor's profit, and from mass purchase of materials.

The Redwood Village homes are not co-operatively owned, since at the time they were built such an arrangement was not possible without a 40-per-cent down payment. The owners now plan to incorporate under a Washington, D. C., law and turn all the property over to the corporation, thus becoming a complete co-operative.

Redwood Villagers have found that co-operation is much more than a legal-financial matter. They buy major garden tools jointly, so that wheelbarrows and a lawn roller are at hand without large investment. Co-operative effort constructs private roads, minds babies, buys fertilizer and seed.

"Such activities, of course, are found in any community," one of the members says, "but in Co-operative Community they are multiplied a dozenfold."

THE co-operators at Glenview did some of the work themselves. They did the landscaping, following a master plan drawn up by a leading landscape architect. They also did the elaborate finishing on the plywood panels that form interior walls in all the houses.

"Everyone is delighted by the handsome walls and ceilings," Mr. Bowen reports, "but all agree that if they had it to do over again, they would never tackle the job of finishing them. It was grueling work."

In some other co-operative projects, however, members have done most of the work themselves. It is the only possible answer for any family that insists on having a generous house at small outlay. Just outside Philadelphia, twelve families have completed houses, and as many more have plans ready or houses partly built. Some have done almost all the work themselves. One man estimates he saved $2,000 by being his own contractor, although he hired all the work done. Others have cut costs to half or less by being their own carpenters and plumbers and masons as well.

Another co-operative community that may set the pattern for many more on a gigantic scale is under way at Circle Pines, near Minneapolis. Its manager, V. S. Peterson, expects it eventually to house 2,000 families in delightful parklike surroundings.

Being on so large a scale, the community will be able to own its stores co-operatively. And since it is planned as a whole and planned for livability rather than profit, it will in no way resemble the ordinary real-estate development.

Houses will front on parks and sidewalks instead of on streets. All lots will be larger than usual; even 2,000 families will hardly crowd 1,203 acres. And again the architecture will be contemporary and functional.

In New York City, the Veterans Co-operative League, Inc., is working on a different type of housing. It plans to build garden-type apartment houses, to be co-operatively owned by the people who live in them.

The president, Sol Brody, says, "This organization was started by a small group of veterans brought together by our common need for housing. We found that it was not feasible for us to build our homes as individuals, for reasons of cost."

These New York veterans are now trying to persuade the city to turn over to them some vacant land in Queens that is fifteen to twenty years in arrears in taxes. If they get their land, they are prepared to go ahead and build a three-story apartment house. Membership is limited to veterans.

Plans for co-operative communities are being brought to the groundbreaking stage in all parts of the land. There are active groups in such cities as Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Washington, New Haven, Elizabeth, New Jersey, and Palo Alto—with at least fifty-one groups known to be at work.

NOT all the co-operatives are limited to veterans. In many, all interested builders are welcome, although only veterans may be able to build at first.

It is not surprising that co-operative building is going over well. As one veteran commented when he joined a new group, "Nothing that can actually provide houses *could* fail." The great appeal lies, of course, in the desperate need for housing and the frustration produced by building costs and obstacles.

But something more is needed to explain the special way veterans take hold of the notion and put it to work. Maybe it lies in the slogan adopted by the New Brunswick veterans: "We co-operated to win the war; let's co-operate for the future."

THE END

"Why hoke it up? Couldn't we just point, like people do?"

LIBERTY

RUNAWAY

Continued from Page 27

the time. You ain't eat nothin' all day. I fixed you some scrambled eggs an' coffee. Here, see how tasty they is."

"I'm not hungry, Sally."

"But you gotta eat or you'll die."

Vera picked up the fork, dropped it, looked at Sally. "Try to remember things Jock told you. Little things—about his friends, I mean—where he went and who was with him. Evenings when we were out, didn't he ever go into the kitchen before you went home?"

"Oh, yes'm."

"Well, what did he talk about?"

"He wasn't much for talkin'. Jes used to set while I washed the dishes."

"But you liked him a lot and boys confide in people who like them."

The black eyes shifted. The brown lips became a thin line.

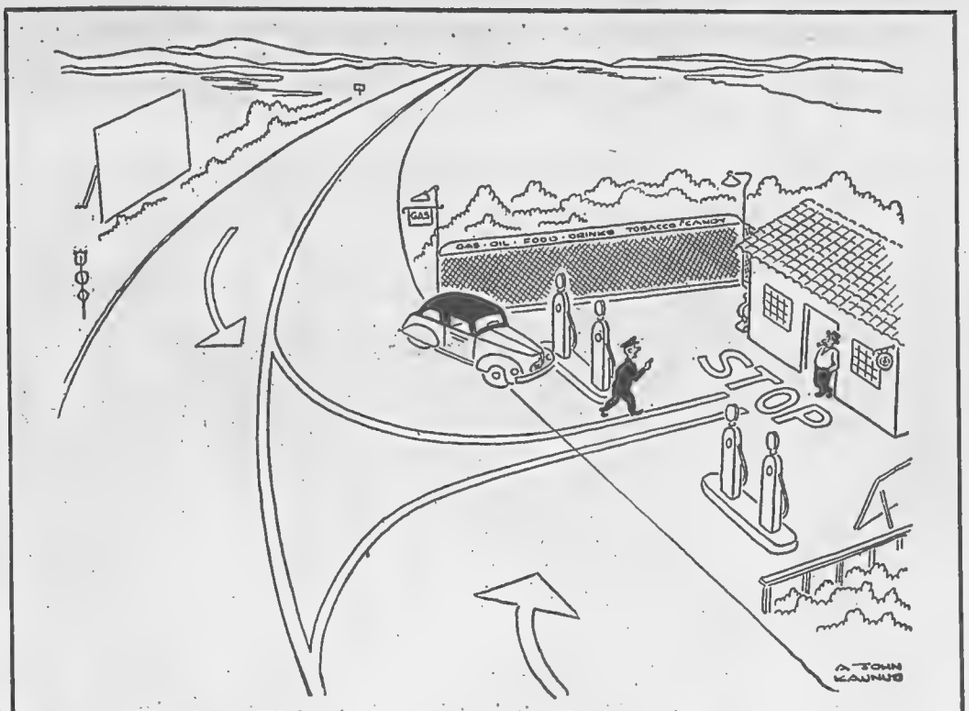
"Did he ever say he wanted to run away?" Vera persisted.

It was plain Sally meant to keep her memories to herself. "No'm."

Vera caught hold of her arm, shook it. "Please—please! Tell me! Can't you see that's the only way we'll be able to trace Jock?"

"Mis' Gregory, the eggs is gettin' cold."

"I'll eat every bite if you tell me what he said."



"The State Highway Commission would like a word with you."
LIBERTY

"'Twasn't much." Sally hesitated. "I reckoned it didn't mean nothin'. Only once he said he guessed he was in the way here an' some day he'd quit."

Vera's eyes closed, picturing Jock as he spoke, the tight rebellious expression she knew so well. "You should have told us."

"It couldn't mean nothin', ma'am. He was jes mad."

"At me?"

"I forgets."

"No, you don't. Don't be afraid you'll hurt my feelings."

Still the woman hesitated. "It was a long time ago."

Vera urged, "Tell me exactly when it was."

"Last spring."

"You mean this year?"

"Yes'm. When the circus was here."

That would be about two months ago. "Why was he mad, Sally? You must tell me—for his sake—for Jock."

The dark brow furrowed, the black eyes blurred with tears. "His pa promised to go the circus with him," she brought out finally. "Last minute he give him the tickets and say he should take somebody else. Jock never went to the circus, ma'am. He tore up the tickets."

"Did he say it was my fault?"

"Yes'm. He say it's always like that."

VERA gulped a mouthful of coffee. Her throat felt as parched as if she were crossing a desert. It *was* her fault Ben failed Jock that afternoon last spring. She'd bought seats for a special Toscanini benefit and Ben loved music as she did. Easy enough to persuade him the boy would have more fun with a companion his own age. But "He tore up the tickets." Why not acknowledge the truth? Jock had been shunted into second place as though his feelings weren't worth considering.

Vera finished the coffee. It was all she could take. When Sally had gone, she raised the Venetian blinds to let the afternoon sun stream in. The apartment, at the rear of a high building, commanded a view of Central Park. A group of children chased one another across the green. Once Ben's son must have played like that, not feeling he was in the way.

Sharply out of the sunlight came Jock's livid young face as she had seen it less than a month ago. She tried to fight off the memory of the scene she had never allowed herself to speak of, not to Ben nor to the police. But today it proved too much for her. Jock seemed to be here, in this room, in the flesh, feet apart, rooted before the fireplace, glaring at the empty panel above the mantel. Just in from school, his books were still hugged under one arm.

"What did you do with my mother's picture?" he demanded furiously.

She told him the painting was to be replaced by a mirror. It was a change she wouldn't have asked for, though the petulant pretty face was a constant reminder of Ben's previous marriage. "Your father decided to have this room done over," she explained softly. "We're having the portrait framed to hang in your bedroom. Wouldn't you rather have it there?"

"It was always here." He turned on her, his thin body taut, his fists clenched. "It'd stay here except for you. You want to get rid of everything that was my mother's. You want my father to forget her, don't you?"

She answered only, "It's not wise for a man to have two wives, one who's dead and one who's living."

"You'd chuck me out, if you could."

"What a dreadful thing to say!"

"Better get a pair of those new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown rubber heels with the special non-slip feature!" And... extra wear where you need it means more miles per foot.

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"You think I don't know you hate me."

"Stop thinking such horrible thoughts, Jock. I want to be your friend."

"I don't want you to be my friend. I want you to get out of here. If you don't, I'll—"

Her throat filled. "Yes, Jock—yes—what will you do?"

He crashed his books against the opposite wall. "Kill myself," he shrilled, tears streaming. "Kill myself—I don't care what happens to me."

Vera swung around. From the antique overmantel mirror a woman with sunken eyes stared at her. The face was her own, yet different, as though the figure in the mirror were a ghost of the woman who had pledged herself to Ben's happiness. If Jock were never found, Jock would always stand between them.

The front door slammed. The slump of Ben's shoulders as he came into the room told her there was no news. He made no move to kiss her. All he said was, "Get me a drink, will you?" He tossed one of Jock's old canvas sneakers into a corner.

She went to the cellaret, poured a whisky straight.

Ben sat down, holding the glass.

"Tell me," she pleaded.

"We tried bloodhounds with that shoe."

"At Bear Mountain?"

"Yes. It was no good."

"State Police, Boy Scouts, the whole community is co-operating. Not a trace of Jock." He put down the whisky untouched, gripped his hands until the skin pulled thin across the knuckles. "If I only knew, one way or the other. It's the uncertainty. Better to know if he's—"

"He's not," she broke in. "Don't even think it. He can't be."

"I know now how parents felt during the war—their boys missing, unaccounted for. Must have been almost relief to learn the poor kids were dead, not suffering any more. Only difference is I'm to blame for what's happened to my boy."

"I won't let you blame yourself," she fought back.

(*Continued on page 70*)

GREETINGS TO THE GROOM

(from the gal who didn't get him)

What an air of fatuous glee,
What a smirk of witless joy!
What are you supposed to be—
The Idiot Boy?

What a dreamy, glassy eye
Beaming on a cockeyed world;
What a set-up for a guy
Once so hard-berled!

Think what softsoap and what salve
Made you strike this silly pose,
And what a pretty ring you have—
Through your nose!

—*Ethel Jacobson.*

THE THROPP
STOP CRYING, MOM! LOOK WHO'S BACK!
IT'S OZZIE!
OSWALD, MY BABY!
WHERE'D YOU FIND HIM, CLANCY?
WELL, WE WERE---
THEY FOUND IT WORKS ON HORSES!
THEY FED IT TO AN OLD NAG AND SHE WON HER FIRST RACE! THEY DECIDED TO GET MORE OF THE STUFF!
BUT YOU NEVER KNEW THE FORMULA!
OF COURSE NOT! I WROTE A PHONY FORMULA IN LATIN FOR THEM TO TAKE TO A DRUGGIST! BUT THE LATIN EXPLAINED THAT THEY WERE MY KIDNAPERS!
NOW, MR. THROPP, ABOUT THAT $1,000 REWARD---
HERE IT IS, CLANCY, YOU EARNED IT!
HOLD ON, PATER. HAND ME THAT MOOLA!
POLICE DEPARTMENT

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

SILENCE, FLATFOOT! YOU DIDN'T FIND ME! I FOUND YOU! HERE'S THE YARN, PATER -- THEY KIDNAPED ME TO GET THE FORMULA --
WHAT WOULD THEY WANT WITH THE FORMULA?

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT THE BRAT'S CLEVER.
NOW, MR. THROPP, ABOUT THAT REWARD-
PATIENCE, TIPSTAFF! WE MUST FIRST GO TO IDENTIFY THE CRIMINALS!

THAT'S THE MOB, CHIEF! REPULSIVE, AREN'T THEY?
RECOGNIZE THIS KID, TYPHOID?
RECOGNIZE HIM? IF I COULD GET NEAR HIM I'D BEAT HIS FAT HEAD IN!

Continued next week

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Thanks for the Memory

JOHN DAVISON ROCKEFELLER, Senior (1839-1937), had a favorite motto: "It is every man's religious duty to get all he can honestly and to give all he can." To say Rockefeller followed that motto is putting it mildly.

Starting as a four-dollar-a-week bookkeeper in 1856, he saved a thousand dollars and entered the commission business. Six years later he was able to rub two $500,000 bills together when he formed the Standard Oil Company of Ohio. By 1890 it was estimated that Standard owned three fourths of all the oil business in the United States.

He retired in 1911 and devoted his time to philanthropy.

John D. got a kick out of giving dimes away, but it would take a lot of dimes to equal the amount of his lifetime benefactions, which totaled $524,890,792.07. He died May 23, 1937.—*Allan Witwer.*

(*Continued from page 68*)

He raised his head. Their eyes met and the anguish in his was more than she could bear. It reminded her of the hopeless appeal in the eyes of her collie after he was hit by a car and dragged himself onto the lawn to die.

That had happened when she was a little girl, but she'd never forgotten.

SHE dropped on her knees beside him. "Dear, you did everything in this world for Jock. You were generous in his allowance. You let him come and go as he pleased without any interference. You were never strict or harsh."

"That's it! You said it. I took the selfish way to bring up my son. I let him go his own way, like an outsider." He revolved the glass between his hands. Presently he said, "Would you let me talk straight, get this thing off my chest?"

"Anything—say anything you like."

"You didn't want to hear about Eunice. Fact is, I never wanted to discuss her. My first marriage was buried with her. That was our mistake, Vera. We treated the whole thing as though we were afraid of it. Jock belonged to those years, and trying to escape them was an injustice to him. You'd have to know something about his mother to understand the boy."

She looked away, remembering again the dreadful scene with Jock.

"Eunice wasn't as fragile as that portrait of her," Ben continued. "But her eyes and mouth were like a child's. She was never quite an invalid, yet never strong. Except her will, Vera, and that was terrific. With both Jock and me she was a fiend of jealousy. She possessed the boy absolutely. Often I think I fell in love with you because you're such a free soul."

Ben drove on like a prisoner whose confession meant soul release: "I knew the boy belonged to Eunice, his thoughts, ways, his devotion all hers. When she died, my son and I were almost strangers. That was my opportunity, but I muffed it. I sent him to Vermont, to my brother Ed and his wife—"

"How could you do otherwise?" Vera pleaded. "You were at business and he'd have been utterly alone."

"I should have put him in some boarding school near New York and been with him week-ends. I sold myself a bill of goods he needed a woman's love. Because he yearned for his mother, talked of nothing else. Just a little shaver, he didn't understand she was never coming back. My life with Eunice was hell, and I wanted to forget. So I sent him away. You see what a swine I was."

"That's a lie. Everything is exaggerated now. You look back and each little mistake grows into a black shadow."

"No good trying to lay on the whitewash." One corner of his mouth twisted upward as if a joke that hurt twitched it. "I had a hunch the boy might be heading for Ed's farm, so tried some detective work on my own. I reasoned, 'If he's in a jam, that's where he'll go. His home almost five years and Ed was like a father.' So I flew up there. That was the time I phoned you not to expect me for a few days."

"Ben," she took hold of his arm, "what do you mean—in a jam?"

Ben pulled loose, began to stride up and down, hands thrust in his pockets, head bent. "You picture all sorts of horrors when a thing like this happens. The last Ed heard from him was months ago. And Jock used to write his uncle once a week at least. That's what stymies me. These last few months are an absolute blank. Jock deliberately cut himself off from us all."

She looked toward the window where the sun burned red against the blue. "As if he didn't want us to know where he went or with whom," she supplied.

"That's it." Ben stooped to pick up the dirty sneaker, its rubber sole torn by a fleet young foot. "Lonely little devil," he muttered. "Damned inhibited and unhappy. I'm finding that out too late."

"Ben—you're holding something back. You haven't told me the whole truth."

His hand closed over hers until it hurt. "No," he admitted, "I haven't. The police found out what I should have known long ago. Jock's been in bad company. A Tenth Avenue gang. Older boys, some with reform-school records. If I hadn't been so damn selfish, I'd have got wise to the whole set-up."

Vera pressed her lips to the tense fingers that gripped hers. It was all she could do. No feeble words murmured to this man for whom she'd give her life could soften his punishment. Or hers.

Ben went on in a flat hopeless tone, "There was one time, one chance when I might have steered my son straight. I saw him on the street with a fellow whose looks I didn't cotton to. A ratty sort of face. Jock didn't see me, but when he came in I asked about the boy. Jock said his name was Hank and he lived in Fifty-sixth Street. He said they went to the same school and were both on the baseball team. I assumed it was the school team. The police checked on this Hank and his baseball team. A bunch of young thugs! They're the company my boy has been running around with and we didn't take the trouble to find out."

SHE started to pour another drink, then noticed that his last stood untouched on a side table.

She held out the glass. He shook his head, dug down in his pocket, brought out a package of cigarettes, lit one. The faint haze of smoke soft-focused the despair in his eyes. "Vera, where in God's name can he be?"

The telephone rang. Ben dashed into the hall. But his answers were spoken so low that she knew he meant to keep from her what he was saying. After a time he came back. "I must go out," he said, curiously without expression. "Can't say when I'll get home. Don't wait up."

"That message, what was it?"

"From Police Headquarters."

"They've found Jock?"

"No."

"But you've got to tell me more! Ben—"

"A mugging hold-up. Jock is implicated—" That was all. He turned quickly. The door slammed behind him.

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

P.A.C.'S BIGGEST GAMBLE

Continued from Page 13

With 5,000,000 C.I.O. members to draw on as an operating force, plus a productive propaganda mill of its own that sells political slogans as fluently as the big advertising agencies hawk soap, P.A.C. has developed into a brand-new and potentially effective type of national political machine. Its leaders are realistic and smart. They waste no time on lost causes. They tie up with powerful candidates and dig deep for dramatic local issues, a recipe that pays in any man's election.

Look at what has happened in some states of the supposedly anti-C.I.O. South. C.I.O.'s friend, "Big Jim" Folsom, went out after the Democratic nomination for Governor of Alabama, which is, of course, tantamount to election. His principal opponent was Lieutenant Governor Handy Ellis, who repeatedly charged Folsom with "taking orders from Sidney Hillman in New York."

An issue and a big vote were imperative. So P.A.C. swung into action. From its offices in New York City came efficient politicians like Tommy Burns, the brilliant forty-year-old Irishman who is P.A.C.'s assistant director, and young Al Reitman, its versatile publicity director. A program was quickly mapped.

THE campaign issue was based on charges of graft at the state Capitol and the entire C.I.O. strength in Alabama was mobilized to drive it home. At the C.I.O. hall in Birmingham, husky steel, automobile, and textile workers were brought in as flying squadrons. At all hours of the day and night, Ben Gage, head of the Jefferson County P.A.C., could be heard giving orders. "Precincts 32, 45, 51, 4,085 voters. Three men needed to distribute literature. Precincts 17, 22, 48, five men needed to get out the voters." Off would go a trio of unionists with a pile of colorful pamphlets, and several more to ring doorbells.

Then a team of sixty C.I.O. telephone girls got busy, dialing numbers and reading a carefully prepared folksy spiel.

"Hello. This is Mrs. Jones. I hope I haven't interrupted your housework. I know how busy you are. I just wanted to remind you about the primaries tomorrow. It's a very important election. We've had too much of this graft down in the Capitol. As Mr. Jim Folsom says, there are too many hogs sucking out of the state treasury. You know that Jim Folsom is all right. . . ."

When primary day came, voting jumped 10 per cent. In the initial primaries, Folsom topped a field of five by 15,000. In the run-off, he ran 50,000 ahead of Ellis.

Just how effective P.A.C. was elsewhere in the primaries last spring and summer is difficult to appraise. Its critics, recalling its threat to defeat every congressman who voted for the Case anti-strike bill, point out that in the first thirty-three state primaries, 167 Case-bill supporters were renominated and only nine defeated. Seventeen others withdrew. Seven senators who backed the measure were renominated, one withdrew, and none was defeated.

P.A.C.'s friends, however, maintain its batting average is much better than is generally realized. They argue that it helped knock out some seven senatorial and twenty-eight congressional incumbents whose names were anathema to C.I.O. members.

TO the politicians, Republican and Democratic, the record, spotty as it is, indicates one thing clearly: in industrial areas P.A.C. is definitely something to contend with. It has a well-run organization, headed up by a national office in New York. Its roots reach down into some forty state Political Action Committees, which in turn control county and city groups. Local C.I.O. officials operate these lower-level organizations which get their support and manpower from C.I.O. unions.

Theoretically, the state P.A.C.s have complete autonomy. However, the C.I.O. leaders are not men to let the local boys run rampant. Fourteen top-notch field representatives keep an eye on and lend a helping hand in regional operations.

Furthermore, the purse strings are in the hands of the national headquarters. P.A.C.'s funds are far more limited, though, than people believe. In 1944 it dispersed $970,000, about one half gathered from C.I.O. union treasuries and spent on primaries. The other half came chiefly from individual contributions and went for the election-day fight.

This year, insiders say, P.A.C. will only be putting out between $500,000 and $750,000, a sum which its chiefs consider woefully small for the job they want to do. "We're playing in a blue-chip poker game with white chips," they lament.

Heading up P.A.C. now is Jack Kroll, a sixty-one-year old weather-beaten, mild-mannered, thoughtful Ohioan who is himself a registered Democrat. Kroll, for twenty-five years an official of the Amalgamated

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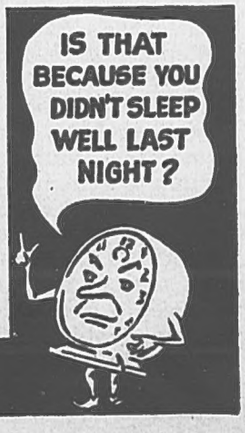

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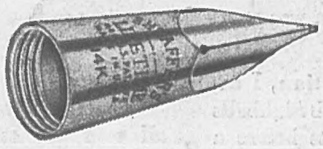

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